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THE CATHOLIC WORLD

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THE CATHOLIC WORLD

SEPTEMBER, 1935

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE COLLEGE NO CLOISTER

OF the multitudinous speeches delivered on graduation day in June not many are worth recalling in September. But there was one at Yale by President Angell which deserves to be resurrected, for its message is even more appropriate to those now returning to college than to those who went "out into the world" three months ago. It has to do with the attitude of mind of students who, as part of their education, must deal with the phenomenon of Communism, and who may possibly become too enthusiastic about that new experiment. They cannot avoid the subject; it would be bad pedagogical tactics to attempt to keep it from them.

The Medieval College and Ours

Certain educators perhaps imagine that college is a kind of cloister against the bewildering hubbub of world affairs. It was so in the Middle Ages. Going to Oxford in the thirteenth century was almost like retiring into a monastery. I suppose that is why we still refer to graduation as "entering the world." The student was out of the world while his studies were in progress. The curriculum itself was rather monastic. Attention was focused upon the quadrivium. Economics, if the subject existed at all, was treated academically, one might almost say speculatively, even metaphysically. As for sociology, though the name was not invented until the days of Comte, there were in the medieval masters of theology and ethics certain fundamental principles governing the relation of the individual with society. But for the most part, the student read the classics, learned declensions and conjugations, wrote Latin verse, memorized lines from Æschylus and Demosthenes, and in general laid down a philosophical and cultural foundation for his later life. Contacts there were with the off-campus world, and enthusiasms, even battles, over the burning issues of the day. But those issues were theological or political. Economics, as we know it, was born with the industrial system. It remained a dry-as-dust science until life was breathed into it by Karl Marx on the one side and the popes

on the other. It didn't achieve *general* popular interest until the depression. Score one for the present distressing debacle if it has aroused men to a concern about social welfare. It seems incredible that the enormous inhumanities of nineteenth century industrialism were winked at or ignored by society at large. Charles Dickens saw them and deserves credit for compelling the comfortable British world of his day to read the woes of those whom Marx called the proletariat, but whom the Brahmans of that day might just as well have called the Untouchables.

A Slow Awakening

Not Dickens alone, but Cardinal Manning and General Booth fanned the fire of indignation at the wrongs done to the poor by the predatory rich. So did von Ketteler. So did Leo XIII. But now that we look back upon the prophetic utterance, *Rerum Novarum* of 1891, we see that it virtually fell dead. Not many voices spoke out clear and bold against industrial and commercial cruelty. The pope's was a voice in the wilderness. Pius XI. had to complain in 1933 that when Leo "the supreme shepherd . . . boldly took in his own hands the cause of the workingmen, surrendered, isolated and helpless to the hard-heartedness of employers" he "was so far and so unexpectedly in advance of his time that the slow of heart ridiculed the study of the new social philosophy and the timid feared to scale its lofty heights." Curious, by the way, that a social philosophy should be new in 1891 when its principles are as old as the Gospels! I hope it may not seem *lèse majesté* if I say that in spite of my reverent admiration for Cardinal Newman, his all-but-total unconcern for social justice has always been a scandal to me. Perhaps he felt that he could leave all that to Manning. Perhaps — and this is more likely—he never really got away from the aristocratic academic atmosphere of Oxford. He carried it with him as an aura to the end of his days. His biographers have dwelt upon the deep pathos of his bidding the towers of Oxford good-by. But in a sense he never really left them. Once an Oxonian always an Oxonian, and your typical Oxonian to this day holds aloof from the social problem as if it were something too vulgar for a gentleman and a scholar.

Academic Aloofness

As for Oxford, so in lesser degree of almost all the old-fashioned classical colleges. They simply didn't "go in for" economics and social science. A writer in *The Atlantic Monthly* for June, rating what he thinks the best ten colleges in America concedes an Economics Department "of high excellence" to nine of them. Fifty years ago, perhaps ten years ago there was no such flattering attention paid to what used to be called the "dismal science."

IT may be a mere fancy of mine, but I have the notion that the college world of generations and centuries ago was uninterested in social justice partly because it was out of the ambit of mercantile clash and clatter. In those days there was such a thing as academic calm. Colleges were largely out in the country. Their "hallowed walls" as they are always called in baccalau-

Because of Isolation?

reate speeches, were shaded by old elms; quadrangles were walled about by dormitories and lecture halls which were virtually fortresses, impregnable against the noise and confusion of the profane world as the British square to the onslaught of howling savages. I can remember when the grounds of Harvard College were remote, quiet, almost cloistral. Entering the campus the visitor felt as if he had put the sordid workaday world behind him. There was an atmosphere of peace and serenity. "The groves of Academe" was not merely a far-fetched classical allusion. Even the football field, though occasionally busy and noisy, had none of the commercial professional aspect of the up-to-date stadium seating a couple of hundred thousand dollars worth of customers. In those days college sport was sport, not business.

But now out of the subway in Harvard Square, there bursts forth every few minutes a subterranean river with whirlpool rapids of people beating upon and engulfing the quondam sacred precincts of learning. As at Harvard, so at Yale and much more so at Columbia. The last named, which glories — rather foolishly I think—in its size ("the biggest in the world") has virtually no campus. Its buildings are in much the same style as the skyscraping apartment houses in the vicinity. The entire institution has been likened to a "department store of learning" or even a "bargain counter," and in truth when the hordes of students go swirling from class to class, it does give the impression of a busy day in the bargain basement.

The Other Extreme

This physical aspect of the modern college is important as a symbol. I take it to signify that the busy world, the blatant tumultuous world has broken down the ancient academic barriers that made the college a kind of sanctuary. There are many who will say, "This is all to the good. The college must be in touch with the world." Perhaps. But old-fashioned sentimental folk will feel that something beautiful and desirable went out of college life when the commercial industrial world forced its way in.

I HAD almost forgotten President Angell and his commencement address. With due apologies I resume. He spoke of "the complexities of our contemporary world where agriculture and industry clash, where labor and capital cross swords, where economic security and rugged individualism find reconciliation difficult, where the spirit of good will and coöperation struggles vainly with a truculent nationalism."

That is to say, the whole world is torn with strife and Dr. Angell seems to think it undesirable that collegians should be protected from the battle. There is a legend at my old school, the Boston Latin, that when the Revolution broke, the head master commanded the boys laconically *"Depone libros!"* Drop your books and take up a musket. Today it is different.

Students Into the Struggle

They continue with their books even while they plunge into the conflict. Dr. Angell says, "Students properly wish to understand the ideals and theories on which other governments are based; they are ill-educated unless they do. Freedom of thought, together with informed and tem-

perate discussion upon such issues, is of the very essence of a university, to say nothing of a democracy. Suppression of such free discussion results in intellectual obscurantism, in moral stultification and ultimately invites volcanic revolutionary upheaval. It is not wise to tie down the safety valve, if you would not have the boiler explode."

There seems to be wisdom in this: there is doubtless more danger of "volcanic revolutionary upheaval" in the suppression than in the encouragement, or even the stimulation of discussion. England continues to maintain her Hyde Park safety valve. Here in New York we are trying the same plan in Union Square and Columbus Circle, with apparently satisfying results. What is good for the soap-box agitators may be good for college boys. The adolescent mind is notoriously ebullient. It would be a blunder, psychological and social, to smother it. So the campus is become a forum for economic discussion.

Collegiate Communism

Of course there is danger. Few college boys and girls, as every observant educator knows, are or can be independent thinkers. As for balanced judgment, it would be cruel to demand it of them and unnaturally precocious of them if they possessed it. They are quick to appropriate other men's views and to fight for them with a furious zeal of which the author of the views, himself perhaps a cynic rather than an enthusiast, is incapable. So it happens that a few radical members of the faculty, propagandists rather than pedagogues, may take advantage of the innocent zeal of the undergraduate and utilize it to foment Communism. In some colleges this danger is serious; in not a few it threatens to be disastrous; at Yale, if we may trust Dr. Angell, it scarcely exists. "Some of our friends," he says, "have been solicitous lest Yale has become a nursery for Communism, with a consequent sapping of her traditional loyalty to the nation. To one who knows the living spirit of Yale this fear is so groundless as to be almost grotesque."

Let us hope he is not over-sanguine. Of some other universities we can have no such confidence. Here in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD we have often presented evidence that many universities are nurseries—say rather hothouses—of communistic agitation.

THE President of Yale has no love for Communism, Fascism or any other form of totalitarianism. Of the first and perhaps the worst of that evil trinity, Communism, he says, "It is clear that in its present form at least [in Russia] it involves the complete destruction of freedom of thought and expression and that its ethics outrage most of the traditions and lores of folk of our stock. Its cruelty is oriental and its political philosophy is dogmatic and intolerant . . . brutality is of its essence."

If this conviction of the President has the backing of the faculty and together they aim to persuade the youngsters that the Russian proletarian movement is destructive, outrageous and orientally cruel, it will indeed be a help in their education.

Dr. Angell is no obscurantist. He lives in the light; he is not blind to the sins and crimes of our present political system. "No intelligent person," he says, "can pretend that democracy as we know it in the

United States has not been guilty of gross blunders and innumerable shortcomings. Nor can any one observe the terror-stricken timidity of a lobby-ridden Congress without humiliation nor listen to the mouthings of our radio-minded demagogues without dismay; but with all its defects, contrast our republican form of government with that of any of its autocratic Continental neighbors and who can hesitate for an instant in making his choice or who can doubt that, with patience and intelligence and good-will, we shall find the way out of our troubles?"

Communism On Its Native Heath

THUS far we are dealing with the opinion of one who is perhaps merely an academic observer of Russian Communism. But on the day his speech appeared in the papers it received corroboration from another educator, somewhat less well-equipped for philosophical reflection, but better informed as an eye-witness. Helen Atwater, graduate of Northwestern University, teacher in a Chicago High School, commenced a series of articles (copyrighted by The Chicago *Herald-Examiner*), reporting with unusual frankness the actual condition of affairs in Russia. She confesses that she used to be a "parlor pink," sympathetic with the Russian experiment. In that frame of mind she went on an "Intourist" expedition to the Soviet States. In her party were Margaret Sanger, birth control propagandist, and the celebrated Professor E. A. Ross, head of the department of Sociology of the University of Wisconsin, as well as newspaper men, magazine editors, physicians, nurses, clergymen, social workers, teachers and students.

Miss Atwater was shocked at the revelation of things as they really are. She says she thinks "the most miserable person in all the U. S. A. is better off than the best situated person in Russia—except perhaps for the party leaders of these poor, suffering people—the party leaders who hide behind the Kremlin walls and never leave unless well guarded by troops of soldiers!"

Miss Atwater's chief interest in life has been the betterment of the condition of woman. She had heard "in university courses, from the lecture platform and even from the pulpit of the marvelous advancement of the U. S. S. R., especially as regards the rights of women." But she says, "My first sight of the new woman of the Soviet world was to see her barefooted, clad in a few nondescript pieces of faded, old, formless and shapeless material, toiling under the hot summer sun, building a new railroad station. These emancipated women showed their new freedom by being allowed to carry lumber, mix cement, crush stone and perform the dozens of tasks requiring g r e a t physical strength and energy."

Emancipation!

There is stronger stuff than that in her report. She describes the people at large: "Poor, bewildered, betrayed creatures—doing the work forced on them by cruel taskmasters—living and dying on the pitifully inadequate rations of poor food, always the dupes, the foils of their leaders who betray them in their own name, with such phrases as 'a dictatorship of the proletariat,' 'planning for socialism,' 'a classless society.'"

Obviously there is in that sentence a dash of subjective interpretation, and it will therefore be discounted or rejected by the pro-Soviets. But I wonder if they will dare say that the lady lies when she records some of the miseries which she claims to have seen:

"Water must be carried in pails great distances to the trains and then lifted up and poured into the tanks at the top to supply the plumbing facilities. Women did this heavy work. . . .

"We saw one lusty creature wielding a sledge hammer. I'm sure none of my American fellow women's club members could have moved the thing. . . .

"I saw women crushing huge boulders into small pieces. . . . In one spot on the famous Crimean coast we observed women patiently and painfully crushing stone while several miles farther on stood a disused, rusty, American-made stone crusher! . . .

"There are no hats [for women], no gloves, no silk underwear in Russia. But worse still, there are no shoes. In the country, lucky is the peasant who still has straw sandals, so despised in the old days. Rags wound around the legs take the place of the high leather boots once considered indispensable."

She reports that in "a Russian city or village street, country road or mountain pass visitors are approached with the question *"Valuta?"* the word for foreign currency, and that whereas under normal conditions the ruble is worth 51 cents, the Russians are eager to dispose of 30 or 50 or even 70 of them for one American dollar bill.

"Poor People" After Dostoievski

The alleged abolition of class distinctions has not really taken place: "Imagine my surprise to discover several separate dining rooms in the automobile factory at Gorki. 'Why is this?' I asked. 'These various rooms are for the various classes of workers,' was the reply. 'You mean factory workers do not eat with the engineers?' 'Yes, the engineers and "ordoniki" (shock workers — best and most efficient) get better food and service than the others and have a special dining room.' Well—where was the glorification of the humble worker?"

"A classless society! Is that why the Russian people travel 'hard,' jammed and crowded past belief onto the decks of boats, on the narrow wooden shelves of the trains?"

"Never have I seen so many children on the streets as in Russia. Dirty, clothed only in very short shorts, they were everywhere. Their English vocabulary, often used, consists of urgent requests for money or cigarettes! The youngsters in the famous Children's Village (formerly the Czar's Village) outside Leningrad were of such appearance and manner I longed to put my school teacher discipline at work on them. They needed so many kinds of help and training and understanding."

"Artek is a Young Pioneer camp on the Black Sea, several miles from Yalta. Here were gathered a select group of several hundred sons and daughters of the shock workers of Soviet officials. They were well and suitably clothed, well-nourished looking, camping in a beautiful spot at government expense. Here their time is spent learning the Soviet beliefs—the Communist doctrines of world revolution and abolition of all religion. For these young people

are the future leaders for the poor, hungry, dirty, uncared-for waifs back on the city streets. 'There is no class,' says my guide Tania, 'for no one in Russia exploits another person.'"

THERE is nothing new about this information except perhaps the particularly intimate personal note with which it is given. But it is habitually ignored or suppressed by the pro-Bolshevik professors who sponsor the Russian experiment. If college boys and girls are to know these facts they may have to get them from the newspapers.

In consequence of these harrowing sights the Chicago school teacher feels upon her return that she has reëntered an unbelievable Utopia.

"I can't get used to the piles of fruit and vegetables in the many American neighborhood stores, nor to the fact that all this wealth of food is unprotected—no iron bars, nor bayoneted soldiers standing guard . . .

"I thrill anew each morning as I walk amid the eager thousands of young people who hurry along with me to Austin High School. Here the print shop, auto shop, sewing class, business training classes, band, orchestra, choruses (to mention but a very few of our activities) await their eager minds and bodies. These young people are of all classes, creeds, religions, nationalities and political affiliations. So are their teachers. Yet we all share alike in the splendid opportunities offered us by the free public schools of our great country!"

THERE will be bitter criticism of Miss Atwater's report by persons who have not been to Russia but whose dissatisfaction with our own conditions (to a degree justifiable) leads them to believe blindly that things must be better in a communistic state whose program—on paper—seems so "enlightened" and "advanced." But there is one quite devastating answer to all pro-Russian enthuiasts: there is at least freedom of criticism here and none whatever in Russia. I have never yet seen so much as a plausible reply to the objection that the fiercest advocates of free speech and free press in America are those who find no objection to the complete suppression of free speech and free press in Russia. How liberals like John Dewey, the oracle of Columbia, Edward Alsworth Ross, William A. Nielson, President of Smith College for women, William F. Russell, Dean of Teachers' College at Columbia and a score of others who have given their name and their prestige to Russian propaganda have continued to reconcile their minds to the anomaly is impossible to understand.

Blind Intellectuals

To me it looks like intellectual dishonesty.

MISS ATWATER estimates justly that, after all, mental freedom is one of our choicest and most precious treasures: "Perhaps most of all I appreciate the freedom I enjoy that permits me to tell you what I saw and heard in Russia, a freedom that also permits me to utter a warning that unless our Government keeps the ideals of freedom and democracy of its founders, and unless we citizens protect and maintain, at all costs, our splendid institutions, unless we have faith and courage to maintain what we al-

ready have, there are those without and most of all, those within, who will destroy us and all we now possess."

A good homily, well spoken. Recommended to the malcontents on and off the campus, on soapboxes in Union Square or on professorial benches in our "greatest" universities: recommended especially to students who, in a fit of revulsion against our own economic ills, are inclined to believe, in their sophomoric simplicity, that any other system *must* be better than Capitalism and that the Russian experiment, because well-spoken of by their professors, must be all that it is ballyhooed to be: recommended finally to those degenerate Americans who would surrender their liberties into the hands of any dictator, capitalistic, communistic or fascist who has the brass to make impossible promises.

All This Will I Give Thee

"All these will I give Thee if falling down Thou wilt adore me." "All these will I give thee if falling down thou wilt surrender thy soul to me." The promise is always the same; there is always an "if" to it. The "if" introduces such a little matter as submission to tyranny.

SINCE we commenced with the collegians, we had better conclude with them. Don't believe all that your professors tell you, young people. Especially don't believe them if they tell you how wonderful things are in Moscow or Mexico or in some other land you have not seen. Of all classes of men professors are perhaps the most gullible and the most fallible. Witness Versailles: President Wilson, himself a professor, took over with him a shipload of the learned. And see what happened. Pooling their professorial wisdom they produced the stupidest, most unworkable, most vicious peace treaty ever concocted. Witness again the N.R.A., the supreme achievement of a "Brains Trust" composed of professors and professorial-minded persons, but as soon as it came to judgment it was declared constitutionally impossible by the unanimous consent of the Supreme Court. Since those two object lessons of the ignorance of the learned, you are permitted to entertain a gentle skepticism when your professors tell you that "they do these things much better in Russia."

Three Strikes! The Professor Is Out!

For this reason, President Angell's address was quite refreshing. Especially I value the statement—which smacks rather of the common sense of the ordinarily shrewd observer than of the *ersatz* wisdom of the professor: "Contrast our republican form of government with that of any of its aristocratic continental neighbors and who can hesitate for an instant in making his choice?"

STORM

By Kenton Kilmer

THE warm sweet air is heavy with the breath
Of rains. Tall grasses wave
Softly, bending graciously,
Curving and swaying in its gentle flow.

With brief, slow breaths, the earth awaits
Disaster and redemption at a stroke
From the great darkness in the southern sky
And lying on the distant hills and trees;
Black on the distance, curving as the shore
Of ultimate bounds of earth,
Moveless and vast.

The locust and syringa send
Their fragrance wandering wide
In mellow currents of the ambient air.
Gay birds that sang insistently
And trilled and twittered to the morning sun
Are hushed. Cicadas hurl no more
Their brazen clangor to a brazen sky.
The fields are weighted down with quietness
And drugged with waiting.

On a low bank
A small girl dressed in green picks clover blooms,
Turning a wary head up toward the south
And bunching short-stemmed blossoms in her hand.
Brown curls—cream-white the flowers and her face.

Waiting long hours, the earth has fallen asleep.
The sun lies low behind a misty cloud
And poplars stand unruffled. Quietness
Lies heavy on the land.

Small streams of cooler air
Come circling lightly through the mass
Of moist, warm atmosphere, and break its hold,
And toss it gently till it circles too;
And warm and cool in alternate caress
Flow over earth, and plants, and beasts, and men.

Turning and flowing, intricate in measure,
Swaying in rhythm delicate and light,
Pirouetting air sprites hold their ancient revel
Under the storm clouds:

Cool sprite and warm sprite, parting and approaching,
Swinging all the tree leaves in the rhythm of the dance,
Swaying the tree tops, bending all the grasses,
Silently dancing.

Grave in their silence, mannerly in movement,
Little breezes turn in the figures of the dance,
Touching earth lightly, treading on their tiptoes,
Gayly, sedately.

Over the earth the breezes swirl
And gather strength and swiftness as the dusk
Comes down, and as the setting sun
Withdraws its light and warmth beyond the hills.

Cool in the evening, brisker winds arising
Whirling in disorder, rustle through the tree tops,
Flatten the grasses, romp with scraps of paper,
Hurling them skyward.

Winged seeds of maple rattle on the pavement
Making a sound of sharp rain where they fall
Slanting and spiralling in their swift descent;
Rising again and flying.

Clouds spread wider, rolling and increasing,
Black based, with white tops gleaming in the sun.
Winds sing louder, rain is coming;
Distant thunder rumbles.

Trees gleam darkly, tossing in the windstorm.
Lightning flashes on the distant hills.
Cold and steady wind is blowing southward
But deep clouds spread on the evening sky.
Large, slow, sudden,
A few drops fall.

Lightning flickers and thunder mutters,
Brighter and louder and nearing fast.
Rainfall ceases.
Wind is shifting, blowing stronger,
Rushing faster, roaring louder;
Green leaves fly from the groaning trees.

Rain comes down in a rapid patter—
Rain comes down in a steady beat—
Rain comes down with the crash of thunder,
Flash of lightning and howling wind.
Raindrops splash to fountains in the roadway,
Mist goes dancing on the flowing street,
Water rushes gurgling in the gutter,
Silver sheets of water are blowing through the rain.

Sudden crack of thunder,
Blinding flare of lightning,
Rain pours solid like an ocean overturned.

Wind lies drowned in the flood of water
Straight down pouring.
Grass spreads prone, and the tree boughs bend.
Water pours and leaps and rushes,
Fills the hollows and cloaks the hills.

Thunder rumbles farther in the distance,
Lightning gleams grow far and rare.
Rain is slackening, spent clouds, lighter,
Whirl and break in the night-dark sky.

Drops fall softly, dripping from tree branches,
Shaken from the leaves by a rising breeze.
Clouds break faster, blowing through the heavens.
The storm is over, and the stars appear.

FRAGMENT ON DEMOCRACY

By Fergus Kernan

AMERICAN Democracy is now the target for two attacks which are being launched simultaneously by the champions of mutually opposed ideologies. The Fascist centurions, pointing their invective with the choicest epithets of Oswald Spengler, insist that our boasted New Deal is nothing but the political expression of predatory capitalist economics forced at long last to take the defensive. When they pause for breath, which is not often, the "rugged individualists" encamped across the way may be heard virtuously denouncing the times and the customs in eloquent periods that remind us of the first oration against Catiline. If these latter gentry are to be believed, the shadow of the Man on Horseback has already fallen on the Capitol and black shirts will soon be *costume de rigeur* in the White House.

Amidst this reverberation of conflicting political doctrine it is all-important for Americans to establish clearly the relationship between Democracy and authority. What we are really confronting in Fascism, for example, is a distortion of popular leadership that has overthrown liberty in the name of government. The sooner we realize this the better. But we must not allow our fear of dictatorship to blind us to the fact that there are many self-styled "liberals" among us who would reverse the process and destroy the authority of government in the name of liberty. The truth is that in the present crisis we seem to be irrevocably committed to a sort of three-cornered duel and we would do well to make certain of the positions of our opponents, the length of our reach and the temper of our blade.

Concerning one point at least let us have no illusions. To the totalitarian dictator as to the *laissez faire* capitalist the goal of Democracy is bound to be anathema. The Fascist, marching vaingloriously toward a utopia which is always at the horizon, scorns the patient trial and error method of truly representative government. In the ears of the strong-boys of finance the stern maxim of the democratic state, "universalize thine aims," sounds like the crack of doom. The reason is that both are seeking Golcondas; the one a Golconda of spoil, the other a Golconda of power. And by this sign, if by no other, they may be recognized as immature forms of that will to control the destinies of men which we call government. Democracy alone is adult politics.

As long as politics could be made the handmaid of finance; as long as, in the words of Laski, "the opinion of the state could be made to reproduce the opinion of those who hold the keys of economic power," capitalism was able to wear the mask of government successfully; so successfully, in fact, that as keen an observer as Karl Marx could mistake the play for the reality and declare: "When true freedom comes the state will cease to exist." Up to the World War the capitalist had

things pretty much his own way. A Marx might follow his trail and annotate his iniquities; a Nietzsche, viewing the unclean spectacle of bourgeois *Weltpolitik*, might exclaim in disgust, "where the state ends—there men begin" but the capitalist was the master of the revels. The prizes and the spoils of government were his.

In the hands of "those gentlemen to whom Providence in its inscrutable wisdom had intrusted the property interests of this country," government even in the land of the free and the home of the brave was beginning to bear a striking resemblance to the "cold-monster" of the European chancelleries. Twenty years after Mr. George Baer had unctuously placed the sign of divine approval on the brow of American capitalism the state was utterly discredited. To most of us politics had come to connote little more than "a group of men and interests engaged in getting all they could out of other men and interests." And then quite suddenly capitalism failed, folded-up, collapsed. The play had had a long run, an unprecedented run, but on November 17, 1929, the curtain was rung down on the Masque of the Proconsuls of Midas. The party was over.

When the World War and its aftermath, the depression, had laid bare the socio-biological bases of government, when men began to turn again to the authority of the state for social and economic justice, it was revealed why and to what extent capitalism had failed. It had failed because it was unable to universalize its purposes. It could not think for the group. Looking at it now in its reduced condition, observing its curiously naïve attempt to hide its nakedness behind the Constitution, listening to the subsophomoric logic of its apologists we can be sure of something which we have suspected for a long time: *capitalism is subject to a congenital infirmity which effectually prevents its coming of age.*

In the cycle of a political system as in the time-span of an individual life a sense of trusteeship is the hall mark of maturity. "When I became a man, I put away childish things"—what do these words mean except that at a certain stage of my progress I abandoned the selfish, egocentric viewpoint of the adolescent for the community-consciousness of the adult? He who reaches man's estate without being able to accomplish this transition may turn out to be a brilliant knave or merely a moron with a low I.Q. One thing is certain, he will never be the fully developed citizen — the "political animal of Aristotle."

It is this egocentric viewpoint which brings modern-finance capitalism into conflict with the authority of government. Capitalism has never been able to forget the memory of its romantic youth. It opens no more continents and builds no more empires but it still insists on imitating the predatory ruthlessness of Cecil Rhodes and "Bet-you-a-million" Gates. This is why the capitalist to-day p r e s e n t s the strange spectacle of a recalcitrant martyr who opposes "regimentation" on principle. For the first time since the Industrial Revolution he finds his arbitrary will opposed by a stronger will. At last he has encountered the adult consciousness of the state.

The capitalist of the turn of the century was not rocked on a buckler or fed from a blade but he was as rapacious as any freebooter of his-

tory or fable. He was, in fact, a feudalist born late. He was the estate that hated the state; the noble who resented the interference of both the King's law and the canon law and claimed the right to hang, draw and quarter his vassals in his own superefficient way. He was the "Fronde" that Spengler is so fond of but with this difference: his motto was not "a life lived in accordance with its deepest meaning" but rather a life lived in accordance with my meaning rather than your meaning. In his hands all the values of the old aristocracy, justice and charity, honor and courage, became negative values. *Noblesse oblige* was rendered "business is business."

At the heart of *laissez faire* capitalism lies the canker of a fatal antinomy. It is foredoomed to destroy unity through its acceptance of the doctrine that both the state which spreads its canopy over the interest group and the individual who enriches that group with his toil are merely means for the extension of the economic power. And since this power is by nature competitive and antisocial, capitalism, if rigidly applied to the fabric of society, would result in a bedlam of warring factions. Indeed the *reductio ad absurdum* of capitalism—the modern perversion of Feudalism—is the return to that primal condition of universal strife which the philosopher Hobbes called "the war of all against all"—a condition which our post-War world comes pretty close to approximating.

It is worth pointing out in these days of popular interest in government that Hobbes derived the whole theory of the Absolute State with its "supreme, irresistible, uncontrolled sovereignty" out of a belief that nothing less than an absolute authority would be able to regulate the clash of warring rapacities which he regarded as natural to man. The remedy which the author of the *Leviathan* proposed for the reconciling of man's antisocial instincts bears a certain resemblance to the remedy which is being applied in Europe to-day. Claiming that capitalist economics if unchecked is bound to resolve western civilization into a squirming mass of conflicting interest-groups the Fascists have erected the Totalitarian or Authoritarian State. The central thesis of Fascism now comes up for examination.

In Fascism we have the familiar devil of ancient tyranny posing as the *Wunderkind* of modern politics. Here the infinite increase of the governmental power is an end in itself and everything below that power, whether group or individual is regarded as a means. These "cooperatives," confederations, syndical associations; these N o r d i c leagues, these societies of the Sons of Wotan are merely so many tentacles by which the state is enabled to reach the citizen at every plane of his being. The individual, the family, the community are constantly being "excavated" and the energies of the b o d y - p o l i t i c flow back through the conduit pipe of the collective into the hands of the dictator. But this is the octopus of Cæsarism rather than the Leviathan of absolutism.

It is a mistake to suppose that the establishment of the Roman Empire on the ruins of that corrupt plutocracy which was a republic in name only was an act of usurpation. The Cæsars of the ancient world, like their modern understudies, were in-

vested with the supreme power by the acclamations of a jubilant people. In the Rome of Augustus for the first time in history the antithesis between Democracy and the mere supremacy of the masses became apparent. Or as Lord Acton put it: "Here the dogma that absolute power may, by the fiction of a popular origin, be as legitimate as constitutional freedom, first began to darken the air." It is this claim to a popular origin that invests the Totalitarian State with a sinister importance to those members of the hard-pressed Democratic garrison of the United States who still believe that a government may be authoritative without ceasing to be just. What then is the difference between Fascism and Democracy?

The New Cæsarism is the antithesis of Democracy. But the difference between the Democratic and the Totalitarian State is not, as is so often asserted, the difference between a government that possesses a plenitude of power and one that is relatively weak. It must be sought rather in the form of assent, in the nature of the sanction accorded, in the methods by which, in each case, the political power is generated. It is the difference between a leadership that seeks its mandate in the organic community-consciousness and one that makes its appeal to the inorganic and disheveled crowd mind.

Insulated at its deeper levels of reason and purpose by the overwhelming urgencies of the economic struggle, the social consciousness seeks a form of coalescence in the shallows of emotion. This is the disease of the crowd, the peculiar malady of modern politics that follows in the wake of *laissez faire* capitalism as pestilence follows war. The status into which the propertyless wage-earner is forced by the competition of the interest-group has but one exit—the easy utopia of the demagogue. If the demands of a capitalist feudalism do not permit men to unite as citizens, they can always unite as *fellaheen* in a "state of high ideal tension" where beggars ride in Rolls-Royces and every man is a king as long as the collective hypnosis lasts.

We reach here the central problem of government in America today, and here also the vague outline of disaster that has been threatening us from the shadows begins to take definite form and dimensions. It is not that America is in danger of returning to that form of government by economic rapacity that got its death blow in the depression. Finance-capitalism as a controller of the political relations of men is as dead as the dodo or the Bank of United States. What we have to guard against is the hamstringing of leadership by those guerillas of the "feudal" party who have entrenched themselves behind the Constitution and are crying "ware wolf" at every social and economic reform that is put forward by the state.

To weaken leadership in a Democracy is to open the door to the demagogue. While the senators are wrangling Claudius is marshaling the crowd. This is the road to Cæsarism.

The economic *fellaheen* who form our modern crowds have come to demand in ever increasing quantities the opiate of "pseudo-ideas." Hard-headed reason and sober judgment recede before the shibboleths of the propagandist and panaceas are e a g e r l y accepted where they create an atmosphere of

fictitious security or offer an easy substitute for courage. For the crowd which owes its origin to the fear of reality is eternally possessed by a desire to escape the unwelcome environment into some comforting mystical earthly paradise of fancy. In this respect the crowd resembles the proverbial ostrich but the crowd goes a good deal further than the ostrich in its self-deception. Not only does it deny the existence of the object of its apprehensions but it subsidizes a whole corps of sophists to support the thesis that it is reasonable, right and in accordance with the best interests of the group to keep one's head buried in the sand.

Fear has always been the specific evil of human unity. But in the primitive group, when fear came, the savage fled and vociferously urged everyone within hearing to emulate his example. He did not seek to rationalize his terror by calling it a "cosmic virtue" or by explaining that, as regards cave-bears and long-haired mammoths, cowardice has a higher survival-value than courage. Following the maxim of Stirner: "the ego sought his own." Unity disappeared, leadership disappeared and shortly thereafter the tribe disappeared.

In the modern world of radio speeches, tabloid newspapers and moving picture prophets the crowd, far from disintegrating under the compulsion of fear, gains a certain permanence, a sticking-power, through the misdirection of its attention. Here also unity disappears, and the organic community vanishes—but the crowd remains. Fixed in a state of "high ideal tension" which insulates it from both conscience and reason the inorganic group persists. It can be wielded by the demagogue. It is a source of potential evil in the state. Its power, its influence, its votes may be bought, sold and bought, sold and bartered *en bloc* by its pseudo-leaders.

As far as the crowd is concerned only a pseudoleadership is possible. The designation "crowd-leader" is really a contradiction in terms. The crowd can no more have a true leader than it can have a true unity. Its so-called leaders might much more truly be called crowd-adepts or crowd-brokers. They owe their fictitious leadership to their abilities as propagandists. They merely return to the crowd its governing fear-principle made over into an acceptable myth. Thus we can understand why the pseudoleader, the "crowd-compeller" is always so completely identified with his slogans, his shibboleths and catchwords. And having this in mind we can discern the vital element of truth in the essentially democratic principle: "men not measures." For beyond all the programs and the platforms Democracy looks to the man, the true leader, to give the body politic substantial justice, to express not the passing desire of a people but its deepest will—the will that finds its ultimate sanction not in constitutions but in consciences.

Must we assume then that the Democratic leader has some access to the eternal verities—to a source of revelation that is denied the ordinary citizen? I do not think so, though the assumption has been made again and again from the earliest times when the leader as prophet or priest claimed a divine authority for his decrees down to the recent announcement of Herr

Goebbels that "in Germany Hitler is the law." Let us say rather that the leader points the way toward an undiscovered homeland of the spirit which lies within the breast of the citizen himself. Let us say that the true leader reveals to the citizen the more abundant possibilities, urgencies, opportunities of his political selfhood which, except for the courageous act of leadership, might have remained in the realm of the subconscious, unstimulated and without expression, or might have emerged to become distorted in the baleful light cast by the crowd-mind. It was Lincoln's recognition of the implicit will to unity of the American people that led him to continue the Civil War in spite of the wave of popular feeling against the sacrifices of men and women which the conflict entailed. Is it not now clear that the sanction for that series of dynamic overt acts —the reduction of Vicksburg and the March to the Sea as well as the Emancipation Proclamation— through which the Federal Government forced the seceding states back into the Union was drawn from the people themselves? Is it not true that the nation ultimately recognized its deepest will neither in the stilted periods of Jefferson Davis in defense of State's Rights nor in the pompous sentimentalisms of the Abolitionists but in the principles of the Gettysburg speech?

Here we can see clearly in what respect the true leader differs from the "Cæsar of the Crowd." His power is rooted not in the fluid periphery of the collective consciousness but in that core of personality in each individual citizen which is never fused completely in the crowd-mind. His acts receive a deeper, more rational assent than is accorded the pseudoleader. His appeal is made not in the name of a common fear or of a common hate or even of a common material interest but rather in the name of a common concern for righteousness. *This is his source of revelation.* This is the reason why his purposes are "ribbed and edged with steel to strike the blow." Whosoever does not understand this does not understand Democracy. When H. J. Laski, for example, says: "the problem of authority may ultimately resolve itself into a question of what a section of the American people, strong enough to get its will enforced, may desire,"[1] he displays a profound misconception both of the meaning of Democratic leadership and of American history. No section of the American people, however strong it might be, could ever get its will "enforced" without an ultimate nation-wide conscious approval. In the spiritual homeland of Democracy there can be no irredentisms. The justification for the Civil War lies not in the fact that the Union was preserved but in the fact that the act of force which preserved it was ultimately approved by the South as well as by the North. A gangling rail-splitter named Lincoln settled that question long ago.

This is what Napoleon meant when he said: "there is a person who is wiser than Talleyrand, wiser than Fouché and wiser than Napoleon—*c'est le peuple.*" And let us note that what we call the prestige of government lies in its power to express this wisdom of the people in a concrete deed. So the leader differs from the doctrinaire in that what he seeks is a final rather than an immediate unanimity of approval—but in order to achieve this he

[1] *Authority in the Modern State.*

must act. For nothing but action will waken and stimulate the political consciousness—the will of nationhood which, as Professor W. E. Hocking finely says, "lies deeper than conscious acquiescence, deeper than fear, deep as the instinctive sense of personal growth." The state can be brought to recognize itself only in a *fait accompli*.

We would certainly not deny that the act of the leader may at its inception be an act of force. "Influence," as Washington says, "is not government," and it often takes something more than sweet reasonableness to rouse that sense of the commune which springs from the Hand of God. But the transcendent glory of the truly "political" act, as we have attempted to define it here, is that it is able to reach conscience and arm it even against an immediately explicit popular will. The courageous deed of the leader plows through the interest levels, "pressure-group" levels, the hysteric crowd levels, down to the rock of justice which is innate in every man.

As long as the collective consciousness remains organic; as long as the channels through which a people may pour its deepest will into the government remain open (and who but the leader is interested in keeping them open?), the word "dictatorship" should have no terrors for a true Democracy. It is, in fact, extremely doubtful whether the nation would be in existence today were it not possible in a crisis for us to exchange our tripartite divided sovereignty for a centralization of authority which permits the executive to apply all the force of the nations' purposes to a form of collective experiment. May we point out that the Civil War was such an experiment?

May we point out that a leadership which reaches the deeper purposes of a people can be as strong as it likes? Yes! and as long as it continues the collective experiment of government in good faith—it can make as many mistakes as it likes. For to declare these deeper purposes is to reach the assent of the governed. To say this is simply to say that Democracy in its authoritative aspect—that is as a form of government rather than an ideology—is unsatisfied with anything less than a universal appeal to justice and reason. It is to say that when men will government they will a harmony of society which is only possible when the purposes of every individual are subordinated to the common good.

It is not to say that the purposes which leadership uncovers to citizenship must be immediately, or even ultimately, fulfilled as they were originally conceived. Purposes change and the most heroic collective efforts fail sometimes to reach their goal. The experiment may not be successful, it may not be right, but the point by which democratic leadership stands or falls is that it was right to try it. The business of government should not concern itself so much with the discovery of lodes and placer mines as with the patient sifting of the dust of human experience. Democracy does not deal in bonanzas.

This is why "the plain man busy among his particulars" responds so readily and so courageously to true leadership when it arrives. He knows that it is not possible to will an adequate social order without willing government. He knows that

the state is a collective venture and that any venture means risk. But he knows also that when the gold of truth appears it will be found embedded in the quartz of human fallibility and error. If there is a principle in any concrete deed or decision of the leader he will be the first to recognize it and claim it as his own.

But we have the example of Lincoln to show us that democratic leadership can be strong without degenerating into dictatorship as long as it avoids "the fear and favor of the crowd." Particularly do we need to remind ourselves in the present crisis of the sense of proportion manifested by this gaunt and powerful American whose influence on our destiny is beyond all reckoning. There are some things worth dying for and there are some things merely worth laughing at but there are other things which a mature democracy will shoulder back into the fighting line of the nation's main effort with a massive determination to be obeyed. *Laissez faire* capitalism is one of these things. Another is the pint-pot Cæsarism of the demagogue who makes political capital out of the present discontents.

ART AND CATHOLIC ACTION

By Beatrice Bradshaw Brown

WE think of Catholic Action chiefly in terms of letters, and with good reason. There are Catholic book clubs, book conferences, book exhibits; Catholic reviews, magazines devoted to various purposes, collections of verse; and, most important of all, Catholic novelists, playwrights, and poets include some of the most prominent names in the world of letters to-day. The non-Catholic may not be—indeed, probably is not—aware of the significance of this Catholic contribution to his modern literary fare. He is prone to ascribe the Catholicism of an admittedly brilliant thinker to an idiosyncrasy or to dismiss it as a pose; but the Catholic knows that the increasing success of so many of his brethren is not an accident. He knows that the drama of Catholic Action has coherence and purpose. Although it has not yet assumed the proportions of an opposing flood, at least it has erected a bulkhead against which the tide of literature adapted to the current taste—at its worst, vicious, at its best, vacuous—loses much of its force.

But if Catholic Action is no more than this, it belies its name. It is not Catholic Action, but the literary activities of certain Catholics. Capitalized or no, "catholic" still means universal; and no action is universal that applies only, or even chiefly, to letters.

Indeed, it is only when we contrast the present situation with that which obtained during the bleak interval of Catholic inaction that we have any cause for pride. Look back still further, past that interval, which after all constitutes but an episode in the long history of the Church, and what is the spectacle? For it is a spectacle, and not merely a scene: this panorama of Catholic Action that was both universal and active; that, finding words alone inadequate to bear witness to its faith and give honor to its God, evolved means of expression unknown to previous cultures and brought them to a perfection which subsequent ages have tried to rival but have not even approached.

To an extent that does not hold true of any other of the fine arts, painting and music are the particular contributions of the Catholic Church to the cultural history of the world. That is to say, nothing comparable to the painting and music of Christian Europe can be found in any previous culture. Architecture, sculpture, literature, and the drama were revived, adapted, developed, were given new character and meaning by the Catholic culture, but they were not evolved by it. They had a previous life in pagan times of a strength and beauty that assured their survival, or the survival of their memory and tradition; and whether Christian art improved upon them is a question that cannot be arbitrarily answered. A choice between Chartres Cathedral and the Taj Mahal, between St. Peter's and the Parthenon, between the works of Phidias and Michelangelo, Homer and Dante, Euripides and Shakespeare, can be made only

on the basis of individual preference; but it is not possible similarly to choose between Botticelli or Mozart and their pre-Christian rivals, because rivals they had none. Pagan England gave us *Beowulf;* not even Greece had a Giotto or a Palestrina.

True, men have always painted and made music. That is, they have drawn outlines and filled them in with color, they have invented instruments on which they could produce various tones. But for centuries these immature arts remained relatively static. Music we would hardly have recognized as such. Painting, admittedly, achieved a decorative beauty of a very high order in certain civilizations, but as an art it was not progressive or dynamic. It had no such development as that which took place in sculpture and architecture, literature and the drama, until the seed was dropped in the fertile soil of Christianized Europe where, nurtured by the Church, it underwent a slow growth and ultimately bloomed in the riotous glory of Catholic and Renaissance art.

The extent and magnificence of this artistic flowering, and the fact that it was the direct result of the inspiration and patronage of the Catholic Church, not even the antagonist of that Church can deny. The works are their own witnesses, prolonging through the ages their profession of faith. Explain their message how he will, the skeptic cannot explain it away. He is often put to strange shifts to account for a splendor that troubles him, considering its source. Not questioning his inherited conception of the Catholic Church as the agent of oppression, delighting in nothing so much as keeping the faithful in mental darkness and applying thumbscrews to the unfaithful, he yet finds himself face to face with an artistic coherence and splendor, a unity of aspiration and achievement, and, in the lesser arts, a superlative excellence of craftsmanship and richness of invention, produced on a vast scale under the patronage of this same "agent of oppression." Incredible paradox!—rendered still more incredible by the fact that a certain freedom and joy of spirit are the necessary preludes to any such wholesale outpouring of creative genius. One explanation resolves the two conflicting elements of this paradox by turning them, with singular *naïveté*, into cause and effect: the masterpieces of medieval art and architecture resulted from the morbid and gloomy states of mind engendered by Catholicism, from which the pursuit of art offered the oppressed subjects of the Church their only avenue of escape!

A more common explanation attributes the artistic triumphs of this period to the unanimity of motive which inspired them, and calls this motive "propaganda." These words conceal a truth unwittingly arrived at: to have great art, you must have great ideas. Unquestionably, the shabby state of contemporary art and letters is due to the fact that they have been employed as vehicles for shabby ideas. The great medieval and Renaissance art sprang from Catholic Action at its most militant and was permeated with the Catholic idea. It was, in fact, in its various forms, precisely the servant and vehicle of that idea, having for its inspiration the twin purposes of instruction and conversion. In those days, when books were few

and readers fewer, dramatic and pictorial representations took the place of the written word. The walls of the churches spoke and the windows preached, repeating the truths of religion to the worshiper within and the passer-by on the street, and achieving a beauty of expression as commensurate as mortal men could make it with the beauty of the message thus conveyed.

Of this Golden Age of painting, a learned critic and historian (I assume he is learned because he has written a college textbook on art) tells us that there was no such thing as art for art's sake, but only art for religion's sake. This combination, he would have us believe, placed unfortunate restrictions on painting, the eventual emancipation of which from the influence of religion is hailed as a great advance. And true enough, the results of this "emancipation" were not immediately disastrous or even regrettable. The inheritance was too rich to be squandered in a year, or a century. Painting continued to enjoy a life of vigor and beauty for generations. It is only now that we can see the end to which the "emancipation" tended and has finally led.

Our current dilemma is feelingly summarized in a recent number of the *Art Digest* as follows:

"We have had every possible kind of pictures; everything that could be put in has been put in and everything that could be left out has been left out . . . We have had pictures that represented nature, pictures that interpreted nature, and pictures that repudiated nature; pictures that tried to get at something and others that got away from pretty nearly everything. It only remains for someone to invent invisible pictures . . . This would save the artists a lot of time and be a great relief to the public. It would also be 'duck soup' for those critics who write things that sound so good about pictures that look so bad. Indeed, much of the critical phrase-making of late years has been so infinitely superior to the subject extolled that one could wish to tune in on an art exhibition rather than attend it in person. It listens so well that looking at the pictures is a terrible anti-climax."

This state of affairs can be otherwise described by a single word: chaos. Where there was formerly unity of aspiration and, to a certain extent, of expression, to-day there is a welter of figures, shapes, forms, vague in purpose, confused in method, and utterly without meaning. Almost nowhere do we find a coherent expression of, or even a striving toward, the ideal which should be the motive, substance, and life of art: the approach to truth through beauty. Beauty is the outcast, decried as synonymous with sentimentality, and as a descriptive term has lost caste even in the terminology of critics, who take refuge in startling verbal gymnastics to give meaning to works that have none. A depressed and depressing portrait reproduced recently on the art page of a big city newspaper was praised by the prominent critic of that paper for being "vibrant with angular rhythms." What that phrase means is a secret locked in the bosom of its author, and no dictionary yet compiled can give the key to it. I assume it refers to a sort of forced relationship between the angles of the background and those of the figure, which, however,

do not vibrate and have nothing to do with rhythms.

In refreshing if unconscious contrast, a current art periodical, reproducing a "Crucifixion" by Perugino, has this to say: "Perugino . . . had an instinct for large, airy compositions, decorative and seductive; a taste for golden, transparent color; and a sense of revery and ecstasy."

On the one hand *Portrait*, 1935: "vibrant with angular rhythms." On the other *Crucifixion*, ante 1500: "revery and ecstasy."

He who runs may read—if he is able to run and has not forgotten how to read. The Faith that produced the art of Perugino (and of Cimabue and Giotto and Botticelli and Raphael and Michelangelo and a thousand others) is our Faith. The Church that encouraged and nurtured them, whose sons and servants they were, and under whose generous patronage they worked, is our Church. To her inspiration and her teaching we are the heirs and beneficiaries as well as they. Indeed, we are richer than they. We have what they had not: their works and their example for added legacy.

Why, then, do we do so little about it? Why do we fail to appreciate our incomparable heritage, to attempt to perpetuate it and pass it on to our heirs richer than we received it? Why is Catholic Action in this respect so pitifully inactive? Where are Catholic painters? Are they unaware of the need, or timid, or lukewarm—unwilling or unable to bring to their work a devotion and sincerity like that which gave birth to the great Catholic art of the past?

Let them not think for a moment that the need for Catholic art is past—that is, for art animated, if not by religious subjects, at least by the Catholic ideal. Where they remain idle, others will be active. Where Catholic Action leaves the great field of painting unoccupied, abandoning the ground that is its own by discovery and inheritance, Communist action will enter—if it has not already entered—and set up its tents. It is undeniably true that art attains its greatest heights and exercises its widest influence when employed in the service of an idea; and we cannot afford to ignore the fact that the most vigorous painting — perhaps the only vigorous painting—produced to-day is undisguised Communist propaganda. We cannot deny its strength because we dislike its purpose, its technique, and its themes. Our only course, our duty and necessity even, must be to oppose this strength with greater strength.

And we have that greater strength—if we will use it. The Communist painter has only himself; the Catholic painter has prayer. The Communist painter serves the State; the Catholic painter serves God. If the former has achieved, at the moment, the greater vigor of expression, it is because he is keenly aware of his ideal and active in the pursuit of it; and any ideal, even a mistaken one, when eagerly followed, is a quickening flame. Catholic painters (I assume there are some) evidently believe that their work was done for them centuries ago. Let them look about them now, and they will see that it is yet to be done.

If after this survey, they still believe there is no place for their contributions, let them take a further hint from the recent exhibit of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, which awarded a prize to

Harry A. Watrous for his canvas, "The Celebration of the Mass." The Philadelphia *Record*, lukewarm in its estimate of the exhibition as a whole, praised this canvas highly as a "type of exquisite painting, so knowing, so utterly impersonal" and cites it as a challenge to painters to abandon their hackneyed studio methods and turn to themes that are a reflection of humanity and life—and, one might add, of divinity also.

This does not mean that to resurrect their dying art, painters must turn necessarily to religious subjects. It means that they must paint profane subjects, any subjects, in a religious manner—that is, with devotion: devotion to an intelligent ideal greater than themselves and greater than their art, of which they and their art are content to remain the exceedingly humble servants. Not otherwise can they hope to stamp out the current vitiating epidemic of vibrant angular rhythms and return to an artistic well-being which has room in it for large, airy compositions, for golden, transparent color, and above all for revery and ecstasy.

THRENODY FOR FALL

By Roselyn Quinn

BURY the dead! It is better so.
Chant of their passing in dirges low.
Tomb all the dust of the flowers that die—
Winter will paint out the azure sky,
Stifle the cries as the wild geese go.

Rake up the branches and pile them high!
Watch how the tongues of the flame will fly,
Leaping to ride on the winds that blow.
Bury the dead.

Listen an hour to the lonely cry
Torn from the gale as it rushes by.
Walk in the woods when a pall of snow
Shrouds all the skeleton trees that grow
Barren of color. Without a sigh,
Bury the dead.

THE CORNER CUPBOARD

By Grace Irene Carroll

EVEN from the highway the pretty cottage challenged attention. Scarcely bigger than a bird's nest, it perched on a corner where the little-traveled back-country road, coiling on itself like a huge serpent, squirmed on up over a hill to the west. Flowers of every sort almost smothered its outlines, from the roses that clasped hands above the doorway and honeysuckle that clambered wantonly over the eaves, to the beds of scarlet geranium flaunting their vivid red on both sides of the tiny flagged path leading from the rustic gate to the quaint front door. Through leaded panes that opened outward like doors, English fashion, a delightfully cozy interior could be glimpsed, like a jewel within a jewel-box. At the back of the house the charm deepened; for winding beneath the shady spread of a gnarled old apple tree, hemmed in by a low, flat-topped, stone wall, a little brook gurgled musically as it bubbled over worn stones.

Seated on the low parapet drenched in bright morning sunshine, Nesta Bristow, owner and occupant of the diminutive house and garden, let one hand dangle idly in the cool water as she watched the little freshet foam and churn onward toward some far-off greater freedom. She was vaguely conscious of something within herself that responded to the brook's eager rush toward the sea. It had been the brook that had decided her to purchase this little property some year or more before when, left alone by her father's sudden death, she had looked around for a quiet place in which to summer and escape New York's intense heat. At first the tiny old-fashioned house had seemed an impossible habitation, and remodeling it an arduous undertaking; but her proficiency as an expert interior decorator had qualified her to make of the cottage, with its surrounding garden, a thing of utter enchantment. Neighbors had looked on somewhat wonderingly at the transformation wrought in the neglected old Nesbit place, empty and deserted ever since "Aunt Abbie" had died two years before. But with gentle tolerance they had accepted the vagaries of the New York stranger, whose slim form and apple-blossom coloring attested to an unquenchable youth and health. She had been made welcome among them, and had fallen into her rôle of summer resident with a graciousness that captivated everyone. Summer time in the lovely Connecticut Valley country had proved charmingly restful. There was but one drawback to her perfect contentment — an as yet ungratified longing to visit Ireland, the land of her mother's nativity. But that had had to wait. Buying and remodeling the little house had exhausted her resources. Meantime, the brook and garden delighted her.

Her tranquil mood was suddenly interrupted by the unceremonious drop of a squirrel from a branch overhead. For a moment after he

plopped at her feet the frightened trespasser hesitated before scampering away across the greensward. With a little squeal of delight the light-hearted Nesta started up and gave chase. At the corner of the cottage she ran full tilt into a tall blond young man approaching from the opposite direction, and was caught and held captive by a pair of strong young arms.

"I beg your pardon," he apologized humbly, releasing her and removing his cap with rather elaborate courtesy, while Nesta, confused and angry, put up a hand to rearrange a temporarily disheveled bob of fluffy hair. Her color heightened as her rapid glance took in his smartly-tailored English tweeds, his fine teeth, and his amused smile. "Do you usually move with such rash inconsiderateness?"

"It was the squirrel," she explained, relenting, her eyes full of mischief and her dimples beginning to twinkle.

"Ah! A friend of yours?" he questioned, the smile still twitching at the corners of his mouth. "Is it your custom to chase visitors away thus?"

"I wasn't expecting a visitor," she defended, a bit piqued.

"And I hadn't, of course, anticipated any particular welcome for myself," he regretted, a bit more serious. "I heard your laughter and ventured to invade your garden in hopes of finding you here. I presume you are the person I am seeking—Miss Nesta Bristow?" She nodded silent assent. "I've been here twice before and found no one at home. The garage was open and the car gone, so I fancy you were out and forth in search of adventure. I hope you will pardon me, but each time I came I took the liberty of invading your garden, and even made myself at home in your chair under the apple tree by the brook. More than that, I grew chummy with your friend the squirrel. He is, I may say, a very polite little fellow. It strikes me that your chasing him away, as I caught you doing, was distinctly unfair to his gentlemanly ideals of good comradeship. Rather shabby treatment on your part, I should say."

Nesta laughed gayly. "Oh, he'll be back," she assured him, with careless unconcern, her dimples in full play. "You see, I have something he wants, and he knows that by coming back and begging he'll get it." She held out a handful of peanuts fished f r o m an apron pocket.

"Well, that's reassuring," he came back at her, his eyes dancing. "That teaches me how to proceed. For, you see, *I*, too, want something you have."

She looked at him questioningly. There was, she decided, a faintly arrogant and determined something about him which said that he was accustomed to getting what he wanted. Her glance, inadvertently traveling past him to the front gate, perceived the smart high-powered roadster, which doubtless had brought him, standing there. Wonderingly she waited for his next words.

"Your house," he said casually. "I want to buy it."

Her heart hardened swiftly. "I'm sorry," she told him firmly. "It isn't for sale."

He turned slightly and without speaking regarded the attractively-remodeled little cottage thoughtfully. For a moment they stood thus. Then, suddenly aware of a lack of hospitality in keeping him

standing, she said impulsively, "Won't you come inside?"

They followed the narrow flagged path around to the front door, and mounting the two or three designedly crooked stone steps entered the cozy living-room. While she went to the window and threw the lattice wider open for more air, he stood appraising the room with swift and unerring discernment—its few excellent and well-hung pictures, its litter of books and magazines, the livable comfort and taste of its furnishings. As she turned back to him she surprised on his face a wistful rapt look that he instantly erased with a smile. She pointed to a low wicker chair and he sank into its cushioned depths with a sigh of satisfaction—the sigh of a man who has traveled far in search of the object of his desire and feels that he has at last found it.

"Well, this is certainly pleasant," he pronounced, relaxing. "I came all the way from Europe to purchase this place. You see I didn't know until my arrival home from India some two months ago that grandmother's old homestead had been sold. And, of course, I hadn't expected to find it occupied. I thought rather to find it shut up, empty, and neglected. My grandmother, Mrs. Abigail Nesbit, lived here all her life. She died about two years ago. I was at that time in the Far East."

Nesta listened, coolly detached. Did he think that just because the house used to belong to his grandmother she must now sell it to him? Hadn't she spent endless thought, time, and energy planning its remodeling to exactly suit her own ideas? She had no intention of selling it. It was hers!

But he was on his feet across the room, staring at a little print on the wall. With boyish eagerness he took it down and holding it in both hands gazed long and intently at it. "Why, this is Ireland!" he exclaimed happily, lifting questioning eyes to hers.

She smiled back at him. "Yes," she admitted, her face reflecting the glow of his. "A cottage in Galway —my mother's birthplace."

"Indeed!" he rejoiced, as at a pleasant discovery. "So you are Irish, too?"

"Not exactly," she told him, faintly conscious of his probing eyes. "I was born and brought up in New York City."

"My mother was American born," he explained, boyishly interested, "though she lived virtually all her life in Ireland after she married my father. This little house happened to be *her* birthplace. Now you can understand my interest in it and why you must sell it back to me." He returned the little picture to the wall, whence he had taken it down, before resuming his seat.

"But I don't want to sell my house," she protested vehemently, sensing that this covetous stranger meant if possible to override all opposition and take her treasure from her. "You can't fancy all it means to me—how fond I am of it. It is a dream of years come true."

He settled himself more comfortably in his chair, stretching out his legs with an air of calm contentment as though in anticipation of a long siege of patient persuasion. "I suppose you are fond of it," he conceded magnanimously, "though it's scarcely bigger than a pocket handkerchief. You've made an altogether charming thing of it. It isn't much like the place I remember visiting as a boy."

He drew a little gold case from his pocket and offered her a cigarette. On her refusing he quietly lit one himself before continuing blandly, "Grandmother r a t h e r spoiled me when Mother brought me over from Ireland for a visit. There were no flowerbeds then; but a rope-swing hung under the old apple tree that I patronized hugely, and sometimes I used to sit on the wall and fish in the brook without much luck. That was years ago—I was twelve, I believe—and I haven't seen the old place since."

Nesta listened politely. She liked the frank clear eyes of this cultivated stranger, his genial laugh and charm of manner. And he talked well. He was in the tea business, he told her, and his wide travels had taken him to Japan, China, India and Persia. It seemed as if there were no place he had not visited.

"Funny thing," he broke off abruptly at last, "but on my last voyage I met an old sea captain who had known Grandfather Nesbit. He had actually visited this place and remembered the swing under the tree as well as the brook that crosses the meadow out beyond the house. Some of his folks still live in this neighborhood, I believe. It was he who told me that the property had changed hands. That started me off on the scent. I decided to reclaim Grandmother's old home and engaged passage for America as soon as I got back to Dublin."

She threw him a glance of defiance as she supplemented, "Expecting that whoever had bought it would amiably consent to turning it over to you without hesitation."

He stirred a little in his chair, regarding her placidly as she sat, her chin resting in the cup of her palm, her eyes troubled, the apple-blossom in her cheeks deepening to rose-red. Nesta, as a matter of fact, was finding this cool taking for granted that she would yield to his demands a trifle irritating.

"I'm afraid you'll be horribly disappointed," she told him with an air of finality, "but nothing will ever induce me to part with my home—it *is* a home, you know, even though I shall have to shut it up winters and work in New York."

He cut her short. "Don't be too positive, my dear young lady," he admonished. "You haven't heard my terms yet."

She arose to her feet, facing him defiantly. "I haven't asked them. I don't want to hear them," she stated coldly. "I have said I won't sell, and I mean just that—*I won't sell*—not to *anybody*—not if you offered me an Irish castle in exchange."

"Well, I might do that," he said matter-of-factly.

Nesta's ringing laugh was one of keen derision. She threw out her hands in impotent protest. Really, he was too impossible!

He regarded her unsmilingly, his eyes baffling. "You would love Ireland," was what he said, and Nesta was swiftly reminded of her mother's oft-repeated words to that same effect. "And by the way," he suggested audaciously, "it is the custom over there to serve tea in mid-afternoon."

She took the hint quickly, awakened to her lack of hospitality, asking, "Oh, may I make you some? Would you like a cup?"

"If you would," he accepted unhesitatingly.

When he left some time later she went out to the gate with him, standing by and admiring the

showy little roadster while he tuned it up. "Remember," he said, as the wheels began to turn, "you are going to sell me your house."

"I am *not!*" she called after him.

And it was not until the car had disappeared in perspective over the long sunny hill stretching away to the west that it occurred to her that he had not told her his name.

Later, in the evening after the lamps were lighted, she fell into a reverie, the magic carpet of her dreams carrying her afar to the lands he had talked of, Persia, Japan, China and the rest. And Ireland—seeming somehow the most remote and utterly beyond her reach of all—a greenly verdant little country drenched in sunny rain and rainy sun, with pansy-purple mountains sentineling its peaceful landscapes, silvery rivers, snugly-thatched cottages, holly trees, and hedges of fuchsia pendulous with their millions of blood-red blossoms, swinging swallows and meadow larks! Oh, she knew it all by heart—had imbibed it from a mother whose nostalgia for her homeland had been partly assuaged in communicating it to her child.

For to the last day of her life the tubercular Effie Bristow, offering her all on the altar of wifely devotion to a man whose entire world was bounded by New York's skyline, had felt herself an alien and an exile, held captive in a cramped apartment, the roar of the elevated trains thundering ceaselessly in her ears, a slant of sunshine at a back window across an iron fire escape her only daylight, the withering heat of the summers and blighting cold of the winters aggravating her endless fight for breath, and through it all talking of Ireland, her homeland—always of Ireland! All Nesta's childhood memories were filled with quaint old Irish nursery rimes; while her girlish imagination, fed upon fiction featuring lords and ladies, princes and princesses, dukes and duchesses, in the foreign periodicals which arrived regularly, transformed the land of her mother's nativity into a fanciful realm utterly removed from New York's monstrous skyscrapers and twilight cañons. The solemn moment had come when, holding Nesta's hand in her loose dying clasp, the struggle had at last been given up and Effie Bristow's eyes had closed. "I shan't live to go back," she had told Nesta resignedly. "But you must go some day. I want you to."

It had been almost like a ritual to Nesta, that promise to go. Ireland! The mere name became an oracle, filling her with vague incomprehensible promises of joy. It was in her blood. Meantime, with her father's sudden death following swiftly upon her mother's, she had had her living to make. Out of her slow savings she had now bought this little sanctuary in the country as an escape from New York's summer heat. The visit to Ireland was still far in perspective.

She was out under the tree by the brook next afternoon when she heard his car purl up to the gate. A moment later he joined her.

"I am like your squirrel, you see," he announced, dropping into the chair opposite hers. "You have something I want, and I know that if I come back and beg, you will let me have it."

"Don't be too confident," she cautioned, with a tinge of sarcasm. "I'm decidedly bull-doggish."

"So am I," he came back at her, his eyes dancing. "It's going to be a regular tug-of-war, I expect. And it's tea time, isn't it?"

Her reply was to rise obediently and go into the house. She returned quickly, bringing a little tea-table and setting it up under the tree, spreading a snowy cloth over it and daintily arranging the tea things thereon.

"Oh, I nearly forgot," he said suddenly, when they had begun to enjoy the small biscuits and cakes. "I've b r o u g h t you something. Look!"

He untied a little package and handed her a miniature replica of Muckross Abbey. She took it with an exclamation of delight, turning it slowly in her hands; while he, smiling quietly at her evident pleasure, gave himself up to an interested enjoyment of the rear view of her pretty house. Looking up suddenly and intercepting his look of appraisal, she deliberately put down his gift, her lips tightening.

"You mustn't look at my cottage like that," she admonished coldly. "I'm afraid you'll steal it."

His reply was slightly satirical. "Cottage? Why, it's hardly more than a good-sized cupboard."

"And it stands on a corner," she supplemented, merriment in her eyes. "That is why I named it 'The Corner Cupboard.' I'm Old Mother Hubbard."

"And *I'm* the poor dog begging for a bone," he suggested pointedly.

Nesta tossed her head scornfully. "A bone wouldn't content you," she reproved soberly. "You want the entire cupboard. Is this," holding up the little model of the Abbey, "what you referred to when you offered me a castle in exchange for my cottage?"

"No, indeed. I had in mind something quite different."

"A castle?"

He nodded silently. She laughed again, derisively. Then sobered the next instant as she said, "I hope you do not think that my decision not to sell my home can be altered by any gifts such as this?"

"No," he admitted ruefully, setting his cup down carefully, "I scarcely hoped to attain my end thus easily."

"That is well," she flung back defiantly, "because I'm not to be bribed with any gifts, you may be sure."

But he continued to bring the gifts. Every afternoon for the week or two that followed, he appeared in the smart little roadster and, making his way boldly around to the back garden, demanded tea. Sometimes he found her at work with her color-box and drawing-board, and on these occasions he stretched himself at full length on the warm grass beside her and looked on, listening musingly to the quiet chatter of the brook and the busy happy noises of all the small things populating the summer-time out-of-doors. The poignant perfume of his tobacco drifted to her nostrils now and then, the fragrance somehow bringing with it a pleasurable thrill of companionship and understanding.

They grew to be marvelously well acquainted, and Nesta quite lost sight of the fact that she did not know his name—had never braved his reticence to ask it. Each time that he came he brought her a trifling gift of some sort—a ticket for tea, he called it — tiny tokens of hammered silver, mother-of-pearl, porcelain, lacquer, embroidery, or blown glass, oddities picked up

from all the far places of the earth. And Nesta, pleased as a child at each offering, placed it with unerring good taste in the one spot of her cozy house which it seemed most to grace. As the collection grew it gave a sparkle to the little room, like j e w e l e d rain-drops caught on a dusty leaf. She fell into the habit of looking for him around three o'clock.

One rainy afternoon he failed to put in an appearance and she grew as dull as autumn rain. A horrible loneliness beset her and the cottage seemed to lose its charm. It was as though she had been floating on a radiant bubble that had suddenly burst and left her stranded. Only for his gifts scattered about the room, she might have fancied the whole episode j u s t a fantastic dream.

Yet when he came at last they almost quarreled. It was close on to four o'clock and she had disconsolately given up looking for him when he rumbled swiftly up to the gateway in a swirl of rain. With a catch in her throat she ran to the front door, throwing it wide with a glad gesture. As he stepped inside, dripping a little, he stood looking at her, surprising in her eyes a gleam of something she was unaware was shining there. He laughed happily.

"So you've decided to sell me the Corner Cupboard after all?" he began opening the daily skirmish as he shook the rain-drops from his cap and drew his hand over the back of his thick blond hair.

"I have *not*," she affirmed positively, her face clouding. "It's positively indecent the way you insist on depriving me of my property. I never knew anyone so persistent."

He laughted again, light-heartedly. "Tea ready?" he asked, walking into the cheerful living-room and dropping lazily into his usual chair. Then, a little later, when they were cozily consuming it, "I've been looking up the deeds of this old place. I'm afraid your right to possession is really questionable."

She took fire at once. "So you mean to *steal* my cottage if you cannot get it any other way?" she accused, her eyes smoldering.

"I'm afraid I have no conscience," he answered, quite matter-of-factly. "When I go after a thing I never give up till I get it—especially when I want it as badly as I want this."

A chill ran over her, as though under some spell of magic all power to resist him had already been snatched from her. Her house of dreams seemed about to float away like thistledown on the wind. She came to her feet with a little stamp. "I wouldn't have believed you could be so unkind," she protested reproachfully. "I cannot understand your determination to rob me of the one thing in life I really love."

"Not if I offered you something else you could love even better?" he suggested pacifically. Then, more gently, "Don't think too meanly of me. I happen to know you better than you know yourself, that is all."

"You think I'm soft-hearted and will yield?" she resented stubbornly.

"I think you will see things from my point of view eventually," he returned composedly.

"I shall *not!*" she rebelled insistently, on the verge of tears. "I shall *not!*"

His stay that afternoon was shorter than usual, and after he was gone she felt much disturbed. For although no more had been said about the legality of her title to owner-

ship, the suggestion nevertheless worried her not a little. Yet try as she would she could not bring herself to believe that he would take any unfair advantage of her, even though he had acknowledged himself conscienceless. Still, he was so dreadfully determined! He seemed capable of anything in order to attain his end.

It was three days before he entered the garden again and Nesta grew restless fearing she had offended him. Tea stood ready waiting each day, only to be thrown away at last untouched. On the third day when he once more appeared, her relief was quite unspeakable. Sad to say, though, it proved short lived, fading with his first words.

"Well," he began, throwing himself into a chair with languid grace, "how about it now? Ready to let me have the cottage?"

She shook her head silently, feeling the futility of further protest and fearful of provoking another quarrel. What was the use of arguing with a man who simply refused to take no for an answer? He was like a cat keeping vigil at a mouse-hole—not to be driven away for an instant until the miserable mouse was captured and subdued. At her rueful face he laughed heartlessly.

"I've brought you a book," he said, after a moment, in a conciliatory tone, reaching into his pocket and drawing out a small volume.

She took it from him and began turning the leaves slowly, pausing now and then to examine a picture or to read a line or two, he bending close at her elbow looking on without comment. She thrilled a little at his nearness.

"*Irish Highways and Byways*," she exclaimed eagerly, reading the title aloud. "How delightful that sounds!" On the next page, written across the leaf in a bold characteristic hand was the name "Aldous Normand." She raised her eyes questioningly to his. "Aldous! What a nice name!" she commented, midway between interrogation and pleasure in the sound. "Yours?"

He nodded, regarding her intently. She looked away quickly and went on ruffling the leaves with fingers that trembled slightly. "It sounds so musical," she said softly.

"You will love Ireland," he told her ardently.

"If I ever see it," she qualified wistfully.

"If you'd sell me your Corner Cupboard you could travel," he offered sagaciously. "Come, now! I'll give you three times what you paid for the property, whatever that was. Isn't that a fair offer?"

She looked up at him beseechingly. "Please," she pleaded, almost voicelessly, "let's just be happy today. I've been so upset—so—let's wait until to-morrow before we talk any more about it."

Impulsively he took possession of both her hands and stood looking down into her eyes questingly. "Do you realize," he told her jubilantly, "that that is the first invitation I've had here? So far I've simply forced my unwelcome presence on you."

She met his gaze in prolonged silence, but her eyes told him what her lips refused to—that his presence had by no means been unwelcome.

For some days after that the subject of the cottage was not mentioned between them, although it lay

in the background of both their minds. But the memory of his offer, three times what the property had cost her, had begun to shake her constancy some. It spelled freedom, travel, Ireland! Whenever she closed her eyes she could feel her mother beside her, one weak hand clasping hers, the faint voice repeating, "I want you to go." It was almost eerie, that unseen presence, that almost audible urge. Miniature pictures, tossed pell-mell into her imagination and stored there, began to issue forth and ask to be put in order, like the broken bits of a picture-puzzle—green pastoral landscapes, pansy-purple hills against the horizon, peat bogs and little donkey carts, cozy thatched cottages—and they were all hers for the taking! Should she sell him and Corner Cupboard and go?

One morning she went out and rambled restlessly around the lovely little garden, sitting a while on the low stone wall and looking down into the brook with serious eyes, thinking. How fond she was of this little bit of paradise! And Aldous—her heart quickened its beat a little at the thought—Aldous loved it, too! All at once, like a revelation, she understood him. He loved the little place for the same reason that she loved and longed to visit Ireland—it was associated with memories of a loved-and-lost mother—a mere sentiment, perhaps, with both of them, but an overmastering one it seemed. It came to her like a flash that in thwarting him she had in reality been thwarting herself. It was like a window thrown open in an overheated room — her mind cleared swiftly as her decision was made. She would let him have the Corner Cupboard and would go to Ireland.

A step behind her made her start up suddenly. He stood facing her, his cap in his hand. "I'm afraid I startled you," he apologized at once. "You did not seem to hear me when I spoke. I hope you will pardon my intruding on you in the morning like this; but I have a good excuse. I've had news that calls me back home at once. My uncle is dead. I am sailing Saturday on the *Caronia*. I have come to say good-by to you and to the Corner Cupboard."

She went suddenly white to the lips. "Leaving?" she articulated, staring at him blankly and feeling as if all the sunlight had suddenly gone out of the world. "Oh, I'm sorry."

"Do you mean that?" he asked, coming close to her and taking her hands into his, looking down with serious eyes into her white unsmiling face. "Are you really and truly sorry?"

"Really and truly," she affirmed earnestly, acutely aware of how much he had come to mean to her and how terribly she was going to miss him. Then, penitently, "If it will give you any satisfaction, I may as well tell you that I had just made up my mind to let you have the cottage. I decided I might as well—since, having looked up the deeds, you had learned that my right to possession is questionable."

"But I did not mean your *legal* rights," he objected, his eyes kindly. "I merely meant that no one has a right selfishly to enjoy so much beauty *all alone*."

She began to tremble a little, though she went on bravely, "Then perhaps you no longer want the cottage?"

"Yes, I still want it," he said quietly. "And there is something else I want, too."

She looked at him for a moment, nonplused. "I don't understand," she faltered. "I thought . . ."

"You thought it was your Corner Cupboard that was making the poor dog wag his tail so energetically, didn't you? But it wasn't the Cupboard alone, although that gave me an excuse for invading your domain so persistently. But mostly it was *you* that I wanted."

"Me?"

"Yes, you! From the first moment I caught sight of you, Grandmother's old house became quite secondary. Curiosity to visit it brought me; its new owner held me captive. And now that my poor uncle, whose heir I am, has died, there is a lovely landed estate in one of the most charming parts of Ireland to offer you. An old ruined castle stands on a crag, with the sea washing up the cliff, in one part of the estate. I promised you a castle, you remember. Shall I engage two passages for Queenstown on Saturday? Is the cupboard of your heart quite bare, Old Mother Hubbard,"—drawing her toward him, and putting one hand beneath her chin to lift her face and force her eyes to meet his —"or can you find the poor dog a small bone?"

As she yielded happily to his embrace, a pair of bright curious eyes peered down at them through the leafy branches above. Nesta laughed gayly pointing.

"Just look at that little scamp up there!" she exclaimed, wrecklessly throwing a nut at the squirrel. "You simply cannot chase him away!"

WARNING

By Anne Cabell

Go not from me, my dear, lest suddenly,
Not blinded by your eyes, no longer dazed
By wanton cherishing, I come to see
Our love but words, though sweet and fairly phrased.

Go not from me, lest I, alone, repel
What we two share of love's familiar things.
My mood will pass?—My own, it were not hell
If Lucifer did not remember wings.

MARRIAGE IN PAGANISM AND CHRISTIANITY

By Selden P. Delany

IN the early years of the Roman republic, paganism was a fairly wholesome religion which inculcated the natural virtues that enabled Rome to conquer the world: a sound family life, a love of liberty, a religious reverence for the right, a respect for a man's sworn faith, exact obedience to the laws even when cruel, and a stern avoidance of luxury. Roman men were frugal, austere and hard-working; and divided their time between agriculture and war. They held their wives in high respect and jealously guarded their daughters from evil.

After 150 B. C. degeneration set in, luxury and debauchery abounded, marriage was despised, bachelors became numerous, children were slain and exposed until laws had to be passed requiring people to bring up the children to whom they gave birth. Divorce soon became widely prevalent; the degradation of the Roman matrons was so notorious that Seneca, the contemporary of St. Paul, exclaimed: "women are ignorant, unruly creatures, incapable of governing themselves."

So greatly had family life declined by the time of Augustus that a law was introduced which gave valuable advantages to every citizen who had as many as three children: an unrestricted right to receive bequests, a double share in the public distributions of food or money, exemption from numerous public duties, speedier promotion to honors and a seat in the best part of the theater. This law, however, was rendered useless by a provision which exempted from its operation vestal virgins, soldiers and bachelors. The family continued to decay.

Tacitus in his *De Moribus Germanorum* obliquely hinted at the deterioration of Roman women by emphasizing the higher moral standards of the women of Germania: "They are preserved by the safeguards of innocence, remote from the spectacles which contaminate, and far from the festivals which kindle passions . . . In this land they do not laugh at vices. To corrupt and to yield to corruption is not called 'living up to one's century . . .' To limit the number of their children or to kill one of the new-born is held to be a crime."[1]

Another sign of degradation in Roman family life was the change in the method of educating girls. They were no longer kept secluded from early childhood in the homes of their parents. It was considered old-fashioned for them to grow up under their mother's eyes, to learn to spin and weave and to train themselves for the duties of married life. Their education was largely handed over to Greek slaves. Coeducation also became common.

Scipio Æmilianus wrote: "When I entered one of those schools to which nobles send their sons, I found more than five hundred young girls and boys, who, in the company of players and infamous characters, were taking lessons on the lyre, or in singing and deport-

1 Chapter XIX.

ment. I saw one child twelve years old, the son of a candidate, executing a dance unworthy of the lewdest servant."[2]

However we may account for it, we may not dispute the historical fact that in the classical culture of the Mediterranean world the patriarchal family was dying out and the citizen class becoming sterile, when Christianity began to lift its head as a force to be reckoned with.

Mr. Christopher Dawson has thus described the situation: "Conditions of life both in the Greek City State and in the Roman Empire favored the man without a family who could devote his whole energies to the duties and pleasures of public life. Late marriages and small families became the rule and men satisfied their sexual instinct by homosexuality or by relations with slaves and prostitutes. This aversion to marriage and the deliberate restriction of the family by the practice of infanticide and abortion was undoubtedly the main cause of the decline of the ancient Greece, as Polybius pointed out in the second century B. C."[3]

Polybius wrote that in his days the diminution of population in Greece was so great that towns were becoming deserted and the fields untilled. The reason for this was neither war nor pestilence, but that men "owing to vanity, avarice or cowardice, no longer wished to marry or to bring up children."

In the early days of the Empire, Roman women were becoming emancipated. Intoxicated by their new freedom they tried to rule over men. Realizing that they were mistresses of their own persons and others' as well, they grew more violent, haughty and unbearable. They wielded their domestic authority with pitiless severity, tormenting their husbands and beating their slaves. The women of the decadent Roman Empire also began to take up occupations and trades that had formerly been reserved to men.

Men renounced fatherhood to devote themselves to base pleasures. As the number of childless women increased they lapsed more frequently into immorality. Greater facilities for divorce rendered marriage little better than legalized prostitution. These disorders enervated and corrupted the upper classes and from them spread to the proletarian masses who degenerated into a servile horde, listless and lazy, whose one cry was "give us bread and games!"

Christianity reëstablished the family on a more enduring basis and amid the ruins of the declining civilization of Rome laid the foundations of a new European social order. The Christian family, though it embodied the old patriarchal tradition that had prevailed among the Jews and the ruling classes of Greece and Rome, was in certain notable respects a new institution. It made the wife the equal of the husband, because according to Christian teaching he belonged to her exclusively and they had mutual obligations toward each other. It was open to every class, even to slaves. Most important of all, marriage was elevated to a sacrament which by its qualities of love, faithfulness and indissolubility, symbolized the union of Christ with His Church.

In proportion as the Roman Empire declined in vital energy, the Catholic Church became more vigor-

[2] Macrobius, *Saturnalia*, II, p. 10.

[3] Christopher Dawson, *Christianity and Sex*, Criterion Miscellany, No. 13, p. 22.

ous and influential. One of the chief reasons for the rapid growth of the Church was that her standards of family life were higher than those of the pagan civilization around her. Christian men and women were not afraid to have children. While the pagan population declined from divorce and birth control, the ranks of the Christians multiplied not only because of a higher birth rate, but also because of the steadily increasing number of conversions.

Why was it that gifted Greek and Roman philosophers, like Zeno, Epicurus, Epictetus and Seneca, even when backed up by rich men and statesmen who controlled legislation and the public expenditures could not devise anything like the Church's agencies for the care of the poor, the sick and the orphans, to say nothing of creating an enduring family life? The explanation is to be found in the complete dissimilarity in their first principles. Pagan philosophers regarded philanthropy as a duty dictated merely by reason; while the good works of Christians s p r a n g from hearts which had been purified from sin and become temples of the Holy Ghost. Christians loved their brethren because they were all, potentially at least, the children of God and redeemed by Christ. The heart of man, when transformed by grace and indwelt by God cannot but be rich in creative thoughts and superhuman sacrifices.[4]

The Incarnation transformed and exalted the conception of human nature. Our divine Savior in His practice and teaching looked upon man as the creature of God and thus gave him eternal value. He was not one of those simple enthusiasts who make the service of humanity an end in itself. He was interested in humanity as part and parcel of God's purpose. Nietzsche remarked that in loving men for God's sake He achieved the most sublime and exalted sentiment that has ever been attained.[5]

The Gospel of Christ also revolutionized men's ideas on marriage and sexual morality. It is a decided exaggeration to say that the Fathers of the Church pronounced a curse upon sex, stigmatized women as the instruments of Satan and poured scorn upon motherhood. Skeptical writers allege that such was the teaching of Origen, St. Jerome, St. Ambrose and St. Augustine. The most that could be said is that these Fathers stressed the inferiority of the marriage state to virginity. Marriage as a remedy for concupiscence seemed to them a kind of concession (though lawful) to the wickedness of fallen nature. That is why they seem at times to talk rather strongly against marriage.

The teaching of the Church on such matters is not based so much upon revelation as upon reason. Mr. Christopher Dawson in his little book on *Christianity and Sex*, well says: "The Church has always based its teaching on marriage and sexual morality not on its ideals of asceticism nor even on its theological dogmas, but on broad grounds of natural law and social function" (p. 12).

St. Augustine, in his treatise *De Bono Conjugali*, wrote: "What food is to the conservation of the individual that sexual intercourse is to the conservation of the race." Mr. Dawson comments on this statement: "In so far as the sexual ap-

[4] The Abbé Fouard's *St. Peter*, p. 331.

[5] *Christ Our Brother*, by Karl Adam, p. 26.

petite is directed to its true end, it is as healthy and good as the desire for food. But on the other hand any attempt on the part of the individual to separate the pleasure which he derives from the satisfaction of sexual appetite, from its social purpose, is essentially immoral."

The purpose of sex being social, it requires a social organ for its fulfillment and that organ is the family. The union of man and wife, is according to St. Augustine, "the first natural bond of human society." But as the procreation of children is not the sole end of marriage, he finds a second good in the relation of friendship between a man and his wife. Thus marriage serves the purpose of mutual help, "so that when the warmth of youth has passed away, there yet lives in full vigor the odor of charity between husband and wife." The Catholic Church has never ceased to teach that marriage has a spiritual as well as a physical foundation.

The teachers of the new faith were not content with making woman the companion of man; they made her his equal. Moreover, Christianity added a new luster to maidenhood and virginity, as well as to motherhood. The veneration rendered to Mary, both as virgin and mother, was from the earliest days of the Church a powerful factor in transforming the attitude of Christian men toward women,—flowering ultimately in the medieval ideal of chivalry. Neither did the new religion overlook the woman who had sinned; but following the example of Christ it showed a never failing compassion to every sin-stained penitent soul.

Against the background of the brilliant but reckless society of Augustan Rome, as revealed in the pages of Ovid, the ideals and practices of the obscure sect of Christians stood out in startling relief. To be sure Ovid was looked upon with disapproval by the Emperor Augustus. The poet in defending himself argued that he was not injuring the morals of the people of Rome inasmuch as he had dedicated his *Ars Amoris* to the *Libertinæ*. The full contrast however between pagan society and the Church did not become evident until several centuries after Christ, when the Church had grown stronger.

Until the conversion of Constantine, Christians lived apart from the rest of the world. They were unknown because they were being persecuted. In the fourth century the Christian population had become so large as to be considered a menace to the Empire. To the intellectual and governing classes Christians appeared antisocial and unpatriotic, because they would not worship the Roman gods, and had cut themselves off from all the pleasant things of life. They were unpopular with the leaders and also with the bulk of the citizens because they would not join in the general cult of material pleasure and success.

St. Augustine in his *City of God* gives us some idea of the crass materialism of pagan society at the close of the fourth century. Before his conversion, he had lived in the midst of that society. The picture he draws for us is not a pleasant one.

"They do not trouble about the moral degradation of the Empire; all that they ask is that it should be prosperous and secure. 'What

concerns us,' they say, 'is that everyone should be able to increase his wealth so that he can afford a lavish expenditure and can keep the weaker in subjection. Let the poor serve the rich for the sake of their bellies and so that they can live in idleness under their protection, and let the rich use the poor as dependents and to enhance their prestige . . . Let the laws protect the rights of property and leave men's morals alone. Let there be plenty of public prostitutes for whosoever wants them, above all for those who cannot afford to keep mistresses of their own. Let there be gorgeous palaces and sumptuous banquets. . . . Let the noise of dancing be everywhere, and let the theatres resound with lewd merriment and with every kind of cruel and vicious pleasure. Let the man who dislikes these pleasures be regarded as a public enemy, and if he tries to interfere with them, let the mob be free to hound him to death. But as for the rulers who devote themselves to giving the people a good time, let them be treated as gods and worshipped accordingly. Only let them take care that neither war nor plague nor any other calamity may interfere with this reign of prosperity.' "[6]

The difference in the married life of Christians and their pagan contemporaries in the early centuries of the Church has been thus described by a Roman writer whose name is lost: "Christians are not distinguished from the rest of mankind in land or speech or customs . . . they marry and have children like everyone else—but they do not expose their children. They have meals in common but not wives. They are in the flesh, but they do not live after the flesh. They continue on earth, but their citizenship is in Heaven."[7]

Under the decadent paganism of the fourth century, the women of the Greco-Roman world had gradually been reduced to an evil plight through divorce, polygamy, childlessness and the necessity of supporting themselves. The Catholic Church set them free from this degradation by making them the equals of men. She also recalled men to the dignity of fatherhood, the headship of the family, respect for women and an enduring family life. No one who had tasted of the new freedom which had been brought into the world by Christianity, would have dreamed of returning to the irksome conditions from which they had been delivered.

The situation to-day in Europe and America is in many respects the reverse of what it was in the world of the dying Empire. Our modern society, except in the sections which maintain Christian traditions is casting aside the moral standards and institutions inherited from a Catholic past. Thousands of people of Christian stock, whose ancestors were bred in the moral ideals of the Gospel, are throwing off, as they say, the shackles of Christian dogma and the inhibitions of Christian morality. They now boast of their new freedom to believe and do as they like. They are deserting the faith of their fathers for neo-paganism, which lacks the freshness and vigor of ancient paganism, just as in the fourth century people turned their backs on a decadent paganism and flocked into the Catholic Church.

[6] *De Civitate Dei*, II, xx, in "St. Augustine and His Age," in *A Monument to St. Augustine*.

[7] Quoted by Glover in *The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire*, p. 100.

MY FIRST BULLFIGHT

By Michael Monahan

I AM at Nîmes for my first bullfight. I have been here several days, stopping at the *Grand Hôtel du Cheval Blanc et des Arènes*—which curious ensign denotes in English, the "White Horse and Arena Hotel." It is situated just across the street from the main entrance of the amphitheater, and I have been sleeping, to speak metaphorically, with one leg in the same. Not in many years have I enjoyed such a state of excitement, and I shall always be grateful to Nîmes for having rejuvenated my emotions and sensations.

Perhaps I should explain to the untraveled reader that Nîmes is not in Spain, the home of bullfighting, but in Southern France, or that part of it anciently known as Languedoc. However, the Spanish border is at no great distance, and the flaming posters announce that the *Corrida* is to be distinguished by genuine Spanish bulls and bullfighters, the latter being described, with a touch of Latin coquetry, as "artists." The bulls are warranted of a famous fighting breed, and the toreadors, picadors, matadors as worthy to rank with the favorites of Madrid.

The affair took place in the afternoon of a bright cool day in late September, and merely as a spectacle afforded me complete satisfaction. The beautiful amphitheater, one of the three Roman jewels[1] in France, was a feast of color from the variegated costumes of the women (mostly young) in which red was the prevailing note. Scarves, bodices, handkerchiefs, mantles, bouquets all bore the sanguine sign. Indeed we were there to *see red:* the spectators were in full accord with the purpose of the show, and there were but few foreigners amongst them. Of this fact I was glad, for I wanted to study the Latin temper in free demonstration. The amphitheater holds about 20,000 people in its two great tiers and gallery; on that day the number fell not short of 17,000. It was as good an audience, in point of quality, as could have been assembled. Nor was it a cheap show; I paid three dollars for my seat, which indeed was in the *"premier rang,"* and in the particular section honored by the president and governor of the *Corrida.* There was a lively band in attendance and the general gayety and animation characteristic of a French crowd, were very agreeable to feel and observe. In fact the unexciting preliminaries were the best part of the performance; up to the time the horse-goring and bull-torturing began, I was in a state of perfect enjoyment.

But let me not anticipate. I was curious to mark in those gay and smiling Frenchmen about me some trace of the "blood-fury" which is said to be of the Latin inheritance and finds its account in these cruel exhibitions. Also I was quite keen to know if I could experience the "thrill" myself and acquire a taste for such spectacles. As I was going

1 The other two are the Maison Carrée and the Pont du Gard.

to Spain, this foretaste of the national diversion in that country seemed not one to be set aside. I was not concerned, at the moment, with the moral aspect of the matter; I only wanted to satisfy myself if it was *good sport*.

Further, I will allow that a great part of the literature made about bullfights and bullfighters, especially by English or American writers, had always seemed to me a "suspect" or meretricious article. In short, to my thinking, the bullfight had become a *convention* with such writers, and you were to accept the feats of a "Montes the Matador" or other impossible, without qualm or question. I was now to see and judge for myself, and the reader may believe that I was keenly alive to the opportunity.

After a half-hour wait there comes a flourish from the band, and then to the familiar strains of the "Toreador" the bullfighters with their train enter the ring and three times make the circuit thereof. They are given a most vociferous and enthusiastic greeting—a Latin crowd pays in advance. The principals of the troupe, four or five swarthy young men, spangled and bedizened and undoubtedly Spanish, receive particular salvos from friends in the crowd, also flowers and favors from the women, which they pick up and acknowledge with graceful bows and curtsies. They are agile, athletic, manifestly cut out for their dangerous work. It is not a bad trade, by the way, seeing that it pays well, and the "danger," as we shall see, is not nearly so great as the conventional writers would have us believe. It is true that at long intervals an espada, matador or picador, or even a chulo, is maimed or yet more rarely killed; but accidents happen in the best-ordered professions.

A bullfighting troupe usually consists of a dozen men, but on the present occasion there were five more for good measure. *Torero* is a general name for bullfighter. The *espadas* or *matadors*, swordsmen, fight on foot, heading the troupe; the *chulos* and *banderilleros*, also on foot, begin the action by worrying the bull with red cloaks and planting *banderillas* (steel-pointed darts with colored ribbons attached) in his neck and shoulder. This part of the attack draws his blood, weakens and fatigues him, also reduces his fighting spirit. The *picador* alone is mounted and armed with a long pike or lance. Ordinarily his business would seem to be to get his horse perforated in the most effective manner; while he himself, partly armored, escapes without hurt. Of course he is expected to lance the bull, and this may be at odd times "extra-hazardous." It always is for the horse.

The matador, who reserves himself until the bull, weakened and exhausted, is fit to be killed, is the real hero of the show. It is a romantic or literary convention that his strength makes him irresistible to the ladies, like the lover of Carmen, and he certainly appears to be as much actor as bullfighter.

There were six bulls to be disposed of in this day's *Corrida* or course, all in a space of two hours, and the procedure with all was the same, which caused my interest to flag toward the middle of the business. Besides, I was seated just within the barrier protecting the spectators, and the smell of blood rising from the arena nauseated me.

To me the most thrilling moment

was when the first bull bounded into the ring and scattered his enemies in helter-skelter flight. They leaped the barrier without ceremony, the boldest and most bedizened of them, and gave him the ring. But he really meant no harm; he was just full of good spirits, and this was his way of showing how fine he felt; and he was only four years old! Kindly and playful bulls, however, are not appreciated by a Latin crowd—they demand bulls that are savage and that will fight *à la mort*. People brought up to such spectacles have no use for the modern humanitarian feeling toward animals. It will be the very latest thing in the civilization of the Latin.

This bull amused himself awhile by making feints and starts at his tormentors, as they one by one slipped back into the arena, but it was clearly all play with him, a sort of innocent "tag," not meant to spoil friendship. Would you believe it? —that French crowd rose in their seats, hissed and showered execrations upon the poor beast, while they goaded the bull-killers to their work. I was astonished to see the red and angry faces of the people about me, and to perceive the emergence of those cruel instincts that hark back to old Roman times. Then I recalled that Nimes is one of the oldest Latin cities in France, and that probably from its situation, it has received a strong infusion of Spanish blood.

If the bull thought it was all "making believe," he was painfully roused by the planting of the first steel dart in his shoulder. He stopped and tried to shake it off, but it had gone too deep. Other darts followed in quick succession, almost filling his great neck and shoulders near the spine. Soon he was in keen distress and, still vainly, sought to free himself from the annoying weapons. The landing of these darts, by the way, is no such perilous feat as it has been made out to be by the literarians aforesaid. Remember the bull is one of the most stupid of animals. He cannot follow the most elementary working of cause and effect. The man stabs him and escapes by throwing a red cloth in his face; the bull stops to worry the cloth. If only he had intelligence enough to know his enemy, to ignore the rag and go straight for the man, bullfighting would be a worth-while sport; but I reckon it wouldn't last long in Spain or elsewhere.

Rudyard Kipling, fortunate as in most of his stories, tells us in "A Bull That Thought"[2] (*Debits and Credits*) the tale of a Camargue bull that did actually think, waived the red rag, and went after his man. Having killed several men he was withdrawn from the bullfights as *emeritus*, treated with great honor, and suffered to live out his days in peace.

We touch here the main reason why bullfighting is regarded as bad sport, outside of the Latin countries. The bull has never a chance, and it is only by an accident that he "gets his man." It may be no crime to kill the bull, but at least the killing should not be accompanied with torture.

Our naturally pacific and friendly bull was by this time worked up to a proper state of wild-eyed frenzy, which seemed to have a soothing effect upon the audience. They were pleased as they settled down to enjoy the bloody game with concentrated attention; not omitting, however, to applaud each skillful

[2] The story appears to be founded on fact.

stroke of the gladiators. These with their satellites numbered about seventeen; many of whom, however, had no other function than to confuse the bull and draw him away from one of the principals when his (the bull's) attack became dangerous. Some skill and boldness are required even for this minor part of the game, but I protest that in the six battles of that afternoon (and at others in Madrid later) I never saw a man hurt or put in any real danger. I wonder how it ever chances, seeing the bull's lack of intelligence; besides, he is a slow-footed animal; the mounted picador avoids him when he cares to do so, but a careless guard is *his* particular function.

And this brings me to the most revolting feature of the noble sport. The bull, turning from his human persecutors, rushed head down at a horse which stood within easy reach, a picador mounted thereupon. The latter, whose legs were protected with armor, was equipped with a long lance of which he was able to make no effective use before the bull had deeply gored the horse and lifted him high on his horns. The picador quickly disengaged himself, having sustained no injuries, but that collapsed and disemboweled horse!—his intestines exposed and hanging down like ribbons—was the most horrible object one would care to see.

Now it is evident that the picador might have saved his mount, had such been his aim or desire: one touch of the spur and the horse would have landed out of danger on the opposite side of the ring. As compared with a horse the bull has but little speed. This I saw exemplified later at a mock bullfight in Paris, where the picadors protected their horses with the most careless ease. The explanation is that these unlucky animals are suffered to be thus tortured and killed in order to excite the spectators and rouse their blood-thirst to the highest pitch. Incidentally, it is claimed that the effort of lifting the horse on his horns weakens the bull and brings him the sooner to his finish. But these excuses do not palliate the atrocious cruelty of the practice, which recalls the diversions of the Roman circus. It certainly roused the *Nimois* (citizens of Nîmes) to the highest pitch of frenzy they exhibited that day, and pity for the horse made no part of their feelings.

By this time the bull, who held my sympathy all along and, as I thought, to the very end manifested something of a kindly disposition, began to show distress from his wounds, his great efforts, and the merciless baiting to which he had been subjected. Time and again he had routed his human foes, but always they had returned fresh to the duel. They were many, he was but one; they had cunning, he only brute strength, and this now was failing him. But how brave he was, even in his exhaustion! Once, twice he slipped to his knees in the sand, and I thought, with a great throb of pity, that the end was come. But no!—he rose each time as his enemies rushed toward him, and they drew back with the fine caution which never deserts the bullfighter.

Finally the chief "artist," the leading matador of the phalanx, approached and with a look around the amphitheater and a gesture with his steel, solicited the attention of the audience. They gave it with a sort of rapturous gurgle. Instantly and (it

cannot be denied) with amazing dexterity, he landed a fearful blow. Again the bull staggered and fell to his knees. Now surely it is the end, I said, but once more the stricken hero rose fully to his feet and steadied himself. He was standing only a few yards from me, and I marveled that all this terrible punishment had not drawn from him a single cry or bellow. I could look into his great eyes as he faced his murderer—at least he knew *whence* his death was to come—and I have never seen anything to match the sadness of their expression. It gave me a feeling that was quite unique in my experience; it opened to me a world of pain that I had never previously thought of. What was he thinking of, for be sure it was *thought*, resigned and sad, that I saw in his eyes; no anger or madness. Was he having a last vision of his gentle mate in the far Andalusian pastures, in wooing whom he first tested his horns and strength against his rivals? Who shall say that animals do not feel, do not remember? . . .

Oh my God!—a straight blow that pierces the spine, and the duel ends.

"C'est la mort!" joyously howls a red-faced neighbor into my ear, and I could have struck the man, but fortunately I got control of my Nordic sensibilities before he could have guessed my thought. Then the *coup de grâce* was given by an inferior hand; some menials attached a rope to the bull's feet and with a team of horses dragged him twice round the ring, to the clamorous, cowardly satisfaction of the *Nimois*. This was adding dishonor to cruelty, so that nothing might be omitted to render the brave sport entirely contemptible.

Such was my honest feeling, at any rate, and though I was to see other and greater bullfights, these offered me no occasion to change my mind.

The rest of the sanguinary program was much the same; in fact, bullfights, like eggs, strongly resemble one another, though no doubt connoisseurs would find points of difference. I observed only one—no other humanitarian bull presented himself that day. As a whole they were not a superior lot of fighting animals. Two or three had curled horns, with which they could not do much damage; the rest had horns as straight as swords, and it was these that did the business for the horses, seven or eight of which were killed in the manner already described. I was greatly bored as well as disgusted, during most of the performance, but I will admit that the dashing entrance of each new bull gave me a fresh thrill. Perhaps I was subconsciously expecting (if not hoping) that he would get one of those glorified toreadors. Indeed there was one close shave which gave me the most enjoyable sensation of the day. An unusually active and purposeful *toro* chased a fellow who barely escaped by vaulting the barrier near where I was seated. The bull's horns passed just over the barrier. Thus he came within a hair of distinguishing himself, but in brief time thereafter he died like his fellows; and the *Corrida* closed without mishap to any of the participating "artists."

There is no question that these exhibitions are highly popular with the people of Nimes, Arles and other Southern French cities, but not nearly to the same degree as in

Spain. One reason for this is that the French do not see too many of them—three or four a year is the allowance at Arles and Nimes. Also, in these places there is a strong and growing opposition to the "sport," and the religious sentiment against it is far more pronounced than in Spain where bullfights are commonly held on Sunday. One may safely predict that before many years they will come to an end in Southern France. This will be sad for the "colorful" writers who persist in describing bullfights as they never actually happen.

MOON OVER CAIRO

By Mary Irene Woodruff

SERENE, dispassionate, the great lamp of the moon
Swings low above the white and pastel mosques of Cairo,
The gateway city of the Nile,
Alive now with the faint, soft sound
Of loose-wrapped, wind-stirred burnoose
As desert-bred, wild Bedouins, shod with silence,
Glide swiftly out of the cool white moonlight
Into the sharp black shadows
That mask mysterious secrets
Old as the Pyramids.

Muffled in a transient cloud, cautiously,
The moon peers down
Upon the light-stabbed
Street of the Dancers.
Nautch girls, Ouled-Nails, with kohl-painted eyes
And hennaed finger-tips
Sit motionless as idols in their tawdry, flimsy finery;
With massive, hammered amulets,
Thin gold bangles, and slender anklets
That make tinkling, silver chimings when they dance
To the plaintive, weird cry of flutes
And reeds that make the sculptured soul
Of ancient Egypt live again
In haunting, tragic music.

THE FUTURE OF LIBERALISM

By Benjamin L. Masse, S.J.

THE economic and social perplexities of the post-War era have revealed, among many other things, an incredible confusion in the nation's intellectual life. As long as our money bags were comfortably filled, we took life with buoyant stride, neglecting a good many of those considerations which in past centuries have occupied the attention of civilized men. Only after five years of economic hardship, are we beginning to realize upon what a shadowy intellectual basis the whole structure of American civilization rested. The best thinkers of the country have been probing the problem for some time now; their findings and panaceas they have communicated in an endless series of contradictory pronunciamentos; and the deeper they have penetrated, the greater has been the jumble, until to-day an intelligent reader finds it quite impossible to follow the tangled skeins of contemporary thought.

Nothing, perhaps, has contributed more to the confusion than the mental gyrations of the Liberals. For a long time they filled a recognized niche in our intellectual life; in their organs of opinion they upheld the principles we expected them to uphold: liberty, humanity, equality and the rest of the *credo;* you could count on them. Now, alas, the niche is being deserted and the signal for retreat has been heard. The descendants of the "Enlightenment" stand abjectly by while the enemy tramples on "the stinking corpse of Liberty." Indeed, not a few Liberals have been seen kicking the corpse themselves!

Except in America, this phenomenon is not new. If up until the past few years our Liberals still talked as Liberals talked during the heyday of the eighteenth century, that was due to their blindness or obtuseness. In the last third of the nineteenth century, thinkers like Ferdinand Brunetière and Paul Bourget had foreseen—Pius IX. had been before them—the downfall of Liberalism. The World War gave vivid and dramatic proof that the "Enlightenment" was dead. To-day, with Fascism, Hitlerism, Communism and Socialism everywhere in the ascendant, Liberalism is no longer a force on the Continent except in France, where its hold becomes increasingly insecure. The belated triumph of Liberalism in Spain may be compared to that last brilliant flash of a skyrocket which marks the end of its glittering flight. Already, much of the ground won has been lost, and from now on Liberalism will hardly be a force in Spanish politics. It is not to be wondered at, then, that our own Liberals are becoming panicky and are preparing to give the fort over to the enemy. Only the American Liberty League is standing firm and intractable on the "Rights of Man"!

The New Republic, an outstanding and late example of this treason of the Liberals, by way of celebrating twenty years of doughty warfare in the Liberal cause, announced a departure in policy in its issue of

January 23d. Recognizing that the social and political order reared on Liberal principles is crumbling about their ears, the editors are led to wonder whether there remains anything salutary in a "liberal system of ideas." Although emphasis is placed on some of the old slogans,—"belief in the brotherhood and inherent value of man, a belief in equality, a belief in objective reason and science, a belief in material welfare," — still on two essential points concessions have been made which jeopardize, if they do not completely destroy, the rest of the Liberal *credo*. With respect to the first, which is concerned with the idea of liberty, I quote from the editorial.

"Much of the difficulty of modern liberals arises from a literal verbalism, which assumes that liberty is an absolute, a sort of universal abstraction. Interfere with any kind of liberty, or with the liberty of any person, they are fond of saying, and you endanger all liberty. . . . *In every society liberty is relative and is restricted at many points.*" (The italics are mine.)

This conception of liberty, which is very reasonable and altogether laudable, bears small resemblance to traditional doctrine. Historically, Liberalism took its stand on complete emancipation. There was plenty of talk in favor of an ever greater and greater freedom; but nothing was ever said about "relativity" and "restrictions." In practice, the truth may have been otherwise, but as far as there is question of intellectual theory—and that is all I am concerned with now—the liberty of the Liberals was unqualified and absolute. There is frank apostasy here, and this becomes clearer as the writer goes on to justify dictatorships. The complexity of modern society, we are informed, demands v i r t u a l dictatorships, which, if exercised in the interests of the masses, are perfectly compatible with Liberal doctrine!

After this astonishing somersault, the author says a very disconcerting thing about another of the basic dogmas of the Liberal doctrine.

"One frequent charge against Liberalism," he writes, "is that it places far too much reliance on discussion as a solvent of conflicts, that it emphasizes things like reason, persuasion, objective search of truth, free speech, education. People in reality are moved by interests, habits, and by the prejudices depending upon them. . . . Persuasion that assumes that large numbers are not affected by their interests and can be influenced solely by reason is so innocent as to be naïve."

If this statement is boiled down to its least common denominator, it will be seen to involve (1) a denial of the belief in rational Man, one of the cardinal tenets of Liberalism, and (2) a denial of the belief in democracy, a no less essential principle. After this shock, the poor reader is incapable of further surprise when he learns that "Liberals can even . . . embrace within their philosophy the process of social change ordinarily called revolution."

Now there can be no doubt that Liberals can incorporate into their philosophy a belief in restrictions of liberty, in dictatorships, in the inability of human nature to follow the dictates of reason, in revolution;

but, I ask you, what does a Liberal who believes in those things become? I cannot answer this question here, although I have my suspicions; but this much is certain: a Liberalism which accepts these new doctrines differs from historical Liberalism not only in "superficial mechanisms," but in essentials as well. It is not Liberalism at all. It would seem to be, indeed, Liberalism's exact contradictory.

It may appear to the reader that I am generalizing from a particular instance; but such is not the case. To quote similar manifestations of the confusion and despair in the ranks of the Liberals would be an easy task. Consider, to give but one instance, the latest trend in education, where, if anywhere, Liberals wielded authority and Liberal principles have been a dominant, shaping force. *The Social Frontier*, education's latest contribution to our periodical literature, demands that teachers stop trying to sit on the "liberal fence." It exhorts them to become a positive force, to indoctrinate, and to preach the principles of collectivism. What a change from the Age of Hoover and Prosperity, when the sacred liberty of innocent children was to be restricted as little as possible and darling personalities were to be left free to express themselves!

But even if there were no signs of a break-up, we could still talk of the approaching dissolution of Liberalism. The same causes that brought about the defection of Liberalism in Europe are operative here. The bitter truth is that Liberalism is confronted with a dilemma from which, on Liberal premises, there is no escape. The dilemma can be stated in these terms. Liberalism in economics is *laissez faire* industrialism; Liberalism in politics is constitutional democracy. But the union of democracy and industrialism, under modern conditions, produces inevitably a new and terrible thing — Plutocracy, which enslaves humanity and exploits it. It took the American Liberty League and similar plutocratic manifestations to convince intellectual Liberals that something was wrong with the theory of the "Enlightenment." For the A. L. L. looks very much like the *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole Liberal system.

Now this apostasy of Liberalism can easily have consequences as grave for American civilization as have been the consequences in Europe of Liberalism's defection there. The founding of this Republic was notably affected by Liberalism. Not that all the *corpus* of Liberal belief influenced the men who signed the Articles of Confederation or drafted the Constitution (s o m e of the founding fathers frankly despised the whole idea of democracy); but the spirit of the "Enlightenment" moved them and they incorporated into our Constitution a goodly part of the Liberal *credo*. The United States, for example, was to have no official religion, but the people were to be left free to worship God as they saw fit. They were to enjoy also the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The sovereignty was to reside in them, not in a king, and they were to determine the form the government would take. These doctrines, of course, are not the exclusive possession of Liberals, but they are Liberal doctrines, and are so regarded in the minds of most intelligent Americans. A radical change, therefore, in Liberalism, the intellectual basis

of American government, is bound, sooner or later, to have a radical effect on the American Constitution. You might almost say that as Liberalism goes, so will go the country.

Unfortunately at the present time, Liberalism is moving rapidly in the direction of Communism. In the confusion and stress of these latter days, with the natural trend toward some form of planned economy, it is all too easy to slip into the comfortable groove of Communism, especially when the threat of Fascism is constantly imminent. Unluckily, however, Communism involves the destruction of the very heart and soul of Liberalism, reason and liberty, and no amount of intellectual legerdemain can change the fact. Is there, then, no salvation for Liberalism in the modern world? Must those of us who believe in Man, in a theory of inalienable Rights, in appeal to Reason, in Liberty remain impotent while a machine-made, materialistic civilization forges our fetters? Are we forced to choose between the Scylla of Fascism and the Charybdis of Bolshevism?

In the editorial to which I have already referred, a hope is expressed that in the "transvaluation" of the beliefs of Liberalism their sources may be found still "fresh and life-giving." What, then, are the sources from which Liberalism arose? And are they still "fresh and life-giving"? Let us page back through history and see.

Liberalism, we find, is a product of Western culture. Nothing quite like it has ever appeared anywhere else. It was nourished on the sap of Europe; whatever life it has is European life; it is just as congenital to Europe as are the Crusades, the Troubadours, Dante and Chaucer. Its sources, therefore, are the sources of Europe; and the sources of Europe, in so far as there is question of a spiritual, intellectual thing, are the civilization of the Greco-Roman Empire and Christianity. The germ of Liberalism was already present in the philosophy of Greece and the jurisprudence of Rome; Christianity enriched, enlarged, fructified this germ, until it was born full and complete in the mind of Thomas Aquinas. Christianity, then, and by Christianity I mean the fullness of Christianity that is Catholicism, is the mother and source of modern Liberalism. Bertrand Russell, hardly suspect in a question of this nature, recently wrote: "Christianity taught that every human being has an immortal soul, and that, in this respect, all men are equal; *the 'rights of man' was only a development of Christian doctrine.*" (Italics mine.)

Nothing apparently could be simpler. We must go back to Christianity if we would save the world for Liberalism. And yet, you have as much chance of persuading a modern Liberal to admit this simple fact and to act on it as you have of persuading a Jew to say a good word for Hitler. Why? Let us look at history again.

The men of the "Enlightenment," the pioneers of Liberalism, worked, it appears, independently of the past. However strange it may seem, they believed most firmly that they had *discovered* Reason; and since reason was a completely new thing in Christendom, there was obviously no need of searching for wisdom in the past. Contrasted with the "Enlightenment," the Middle Ages were thought to be Dark Ages, ages of obscurantism and

prejudice, of unreasoning dogma and monkish superstition. Voltaire, for instance, said that the purpose of history is to chronicle the progress of humanity and the victories of reason over fanaticism. Nothing else seemed important to him and his century. The weakness of the age was its lack of an historical sense, a weakness, by the way, not at all illogical on Liberal premises. Professor Carleton J. H. Hayes has expressed this succinctly and well.

"Despite advance in historical methods and historical ideas," he writes, "in the collection of historical materials, and in the production of such a brilliant historical narrative as Gibbon's, the Age of Enlightenment was curiously unhistorical. Intellectuals, especially of the eighteenth century, were certain that their own age was vastly more 'enlightened' than any other and consequently that they could derive little or no profit from the study of earlier ages (except possibly the pagan age of Rome and Greece), and they were too convinced of the infallible guidance of their own reason to perceive any utility in past experience or tradition. Being 'enlightened,' they wished to free themselves from 'superstition,' they felt themselves free to evolve, not from history, but from their own inner consciousness ('reason,' they termed it), the true knowledge of human nature, the real 'social science.'"

Thus it came about—and this is a paradox with a vengeance, *that by ignorance and prejudice Liberalism was cut off from the sources which gave it life.* It was a development of Christianity, if you will, but a development purely extrinsic and artificial. It was a branch broken from the tree of Christendom, and like all broken branches, it was bound in time to wither and die. Limited by its prejudices, Liberalism denied dogma, miracles, the whole supernatural; it threw man back upon his own resources where Christianity found him floundering fifteen hundred years before; it broke the normal evolution and progress of a whole culture, so that if the highest civilization the world has known is in jeopardy to-day, it is due in large part to that strange combination of enthusiasm and high resolve, of ignorance and prejudice which was characteristic of the men of the "Enlightenment," and is, alas, characteristic of their descendants still.

The historical fact, then, is that Liberalism was stillborn; born without a soul. At the very time it was pledging a joyous, apocalyptic, enthusiastic faith in Reason, Hume was undermining the basis of its belief; in the first flush of its rosy hopes in natural science, the religious foundations of morality, without which science becomes a scourge to humanity, were bursting asunder; while it drank toasts to Liberty, the octopus of the machine was spreading its tentacles of industrial slavery. Liberalism had no basis tough and solid enough upon which to raise aloft its glittering superstructure, because it had no philosophy, no hierarchy of values riveted to reality, no metaphysic. It was a dream, a beautiful and generous dream it is true, but a dream none the less, with all the insubstantiality of a dream. The terrible moment of awakening had to come eventually; and the only surprising thing is that it has

come so late. There were certainly enough nightmares along the way!

The tragedy is that Liberalism need not have been a dream. The inherent grandeur of a humanity, welded together in the vision of brotherhood, living a life of noble freedom, progressing toward a state of incredible perfection—all the beliefs, in short, in which noble men in every age of our culture have pledged faith—flower naturally and beautifully in the divine soil of Catholic dogma. You can find every ideal of Liberalism in the synthesis of St. Thomas Aquinas, not detached and shadowy as if in a dream, but perfectly placed in a hierarchy of values which are solidly based on a metaphysic as intellectually satisfying as it is true. And back of this metaphysic, which is the creation of reason, you have the supernatural revealed dogmas of Catholicism, which give a divine sanction to the belief that men are individually precious above human price, brothers in a more exalted way than mere reason can suspect, free sons of the living God. This is the only true and lasting Liberalism, the Liberalism of the Catholic Church, and without it men are slaves and slaves they will remain. Such was the belief of our ancestors; and such, if we would save civilization, must be our belief today. Let the Liberals see to it at least that prejudice and ignorance do not stand in the way.

OUT OF ENGLAND INTO CORNWALL

By Mary Sinton Leitch

THE atlases may picture Cornwall as a part of England. But the traveler who is sensitive to those peculiar implications emanating from places and things, and often from the very earth itself, will feel when he passes into the ancient duchy that he has left all things English behind him.

The Cornish people speak of "going to England." The visitor from London is as much a foreigner to the true native as a citizen of Paris or New York. One and all they are "upalongs," and the designation is spoken with an inflection that is equivalent to a slight curl of the lip. The Cornishman himself is a "downalong." And though English is the tongue now used in Cornwall, there is certainly a Downalong language of the heart which no one who is not the product of generations of Cornish ancestors can speak or understand.

The experience of crossing from Devon into Cornwall is like that of passing from a lagoon filled with quiet stars out to the open ocean lashed by a northeast gale.

Devon is a gentle land. The meaning of Dyfnant, the Celtic name, is "dark and deep valleys." Everywhere low hills slope into hollows that dream in tender mist —that hold a beneficent fullness of tranquillity. The coombes are exquisitely wooded. The very air is so soft that to breathe it is solace and assuagement.

Yet you do but pass over the border into the duchy of Cornwall and all this green plenitude of peace is lost, disrupted, as suddenly—as startlingly—as though by the hand of a conjuror.

Not only is the aspect of the people changed; the landscape itself assumes a different character. You look in vain for the dark pines that brought the sunset close to you: the land reaches out bare as a stone to the horizon. Surely prehistoric giants chose this for their playground and tossed rocks about in a wild disorderly delight. For rocks are everywhere. They take eerie shapes as wind or tide has assumed the rôle of sculptor. Fields there are in plenty that have been cleared for harvest, but even in these there is no gentleness for here and there rises a strange primeval pillar of stone on which hands that have been dust through unnumbered centuries have carved a cryptic message;—and on every slope and hilltop remain bowlders that the storms have carved into the form of some preternatural beast or grotesque god.

It is true that you may wander for miles through green lanes where a curlew is wading in a quiet pool or a pheasant patters out of a covert to display its jeweled plumage, but even there tranquillity never takes possession of your heart. Always you are aware that outside the zone of untroubled loveliness the disdainful gods are watching. Still you see the harsh faces with their inscrutable eyes looking out in the awful silence of stone upon a land

which—whatever living man may do to make it his own—must belong forever to the past.

Never was there such a land for churches. And surely a church should bring to a countryside benediction and grace. But in Cornwall, instead of delicate spires pointing upward, making visible in stone the aspiration of the human spirit, there are somber towers standing four-square and battlemented; the houses of God are fortresses for fighting evil, rather than abodes of grace and peace.

Yet how supremely well they blend with their surroundings! How deeply they are in accord with the countryside which they dominate! You find yourself spying out the land for them as your car takes the curve of a lane. You learn to depend on them to complete each picture of the landscape as it unfolds before you. You come to feel that these towers are sentinels which are watching over you. Stern, dour, almost disdainful in their simplicity, of rugged and abounding strength, they stand through the centuries, mute yet eloquent witnesses to the hope that the soul of man is more ageless even than the rock.

The graveyard with which every church is surrounded is almost invariably unkempt. Many slabs have fallen and are allowed to lie cracked or broken. Grass grows in a very riot of disorder over the paths, and moss creeps inexorably over the names of the dead. Yet here or there letters or a date can be deciphered. "Elisha Palamountain. Died in seventeen ninety-one, aged sixty-nine years." Such a name alone is enough to set the thoughts dancing even in so sober an environment. Yet they dance to a slow measure and one touched with awe. "Joel Andrewartha" . . . the letters can be traced with a precise finger, but the secret of the date has been intrusted to the vines and grasses.

It is natural that at first we should be moved to regret if not to resentment that these graveyards are thus permitted to fall into disarray. Gradually, however, we discover that, in spite of all their apparent unseemliness—perhaps even partly because of it—they work a curious spell upon the heart. We feel in them the less the presence of clamorous mankind: the majesty and mystery of death can the better work their melancholy magic. We become resigned to the futility of trying to decipher the names on the ancient stones and are content that the dead should be left not to the insecurity of transient remembrance but to the enduring mercy of the years.

As essentially features of Cornwall as the somber churches surrounded by their ruined graves are the twisting lanes by which the entire surface of the duchy is threaded. High on either side rise stone walls built in clearing the ground for culture. These lanes are now covered with concrete or macadam but before they were modernized centuries of washing rains, and the plodding of horses' feet, dug them deep below the surface of the fields. It is no rare circumstance to see the top of a car barely level with the meadow-floor. This frequent shutting out of the view results, surprisingly, not in lessening but in enhancing the enjoyment of the wayfarer. When a wider prospect is not visible, the walls, rising strong, weather-beaten, overgrown with English ivy or moss, here and there at a Midas touch displaying the

golden treasure of the gorse, suffice of themselves to delight heart and eye. The stones laid in a careful pattern, fitted to one another with astonishing accuracy and neatness, bear testimony to the pride of workmanship that is well-nigh a thing of the past. Through the centuries they have guarded the fields, protected the cattle from the dangers of straying, given shelter from the wind to men, beasts and flowers. Still fulfilling their ancient functions, they stand in the dignity of usefulness and beauty while the generations of mankind come and go. To see them then, rising on either hand, weathered to a gray no painter could imitate, is a never-ending source of pleasure. But, more than this, they stimulate the imagination by what they withhold. A rise in the lane, an old gate standing open, the depression at a stile, may bring before you at any moment a whole panorama of sloping fields and grazing sheep. You watch almost breathlessly for a glimpse to be vouchsafed of some neat village with its farmstead that any princess might be proud to live in, or a village of thatched cottages gay with bloom.

As you pass the entrance of some splendid estate you will have a fleeting vision of strange and often exotic flowers. You will see too the cornflower in its season, the pink seathrift, the giant scarlet fuchsia. On some of the downs white heather is the outstanding glory, its exquisite wild beauty intensifying the magic of these places of strange legends where the mist is forever wreathing into the phantom shapes of long-gone years.

That man must indeed have a sluggish ear for rich sound if he can wind about the Cornish lanes and remain oblivious to the names on the signposts. Trereen-Dinas . . . Goldsithney . . . Tol-Pean-Penwith . . . Kemyl Warth; we regret the more the passing of the Cornish language when we become familiar with the words that have survived. Perranuthnoe . . . Gwinear . . . Porthgwarra . . . Marazion;—the syllables have a rugged, rhythmic beauty. Each word falls on the ear like a horn blown across waste moorland, or like the bell of a buoy sounding from the lost land of Lyonesse beneath the Cornish sea. Saxon chronicles tell us that Lyonesse was destroyed by a high tide in the year ten ninety-nine, which swept down suddenly engulfing the smiling villages, and leaving only the Scilly Isles to survive the destruction. It is from the steep cliffs near Penzance that we look out upon the waters that cover this vanished country. And, after the manner of vanished things, it takes on, to our inward eyes, more beauty than any visible land can claim. We see King Arthur's knights ride forth there on their quest of the Grail, Launcelot casting a backward glance, as he goes, at the queen Guinevere.

The Cornish folk along these shores know little of Lyonesse and less of the Round Table, yet they believe that on still nights a faint sound of church bells can be heard ringing from the depths of the sea.

In a field near Sennen is a large slab which, legend has it, served as dining-table for Arthur after one of his great battles.

In Cornwall no lover of Mallory or Tennyson need stalk pheasants or foxes. More exciting and less destructive is a hunt for one of the mementos of Cornwall's days of chivalry. Hunt one must indeed

and often "thoro' bush, thoro' brier," for the duchy seems to place small value on a long-dead king and his followers, and there are few signs to guide the feet that would walk in the ways of poetry or legend.

It is only after long searching and the climbing of many stone walls, that one can win to the wild shore of the "mere" beside which King Arthur died. To find it, it is necessary even to trespass on a forbidden estate. Fortunately a quotation from "Guinevere" or "The Passing of Arthur" serves to soften the heart of the game-warden who takes pride in the literary associations of the place.

"And if you fail to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay you with my hands."

Thus spoke the great king to his knight, the bold Sir Bedivere, who was reluctant to part with his dying master's sword. You have but to speak such words with a touch of the true fire, and you may pass on and stand on the borders of the pool.

You come upon it suddenly over a rise in the meadow. The sides are thickly-wooded, and, perhaps because trees are so rare in Cornwall, each leaf seems to take more of the sunlight to itself, or if the day is wet, to be more glad of rain. Beyond are rugged cliffs that used so often to be "sharp-smitten with the dent of armed heels."

The pool holds to-day, as it held for the king fevered by his wounds, an infinitude of quiet. If the mist curls over the waters as you watch them you may see, as he saw with his dying eyes, "an arm, clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful," reach out from the lake, grasp a gleaming sword and draw it under in the mere. However sages may insist on sifting actuality from legend, it remains a fact that beauty has in it enough of truth to convince the heart. And for him who looks with seeing eyes into this pool, there must flame in the depths of its shadowy waters, forever untarnished by rust or decay, the great king Arthur's sword, Excalibur.

The region around Widebridge is also sacred to the Round Table. Here Uther Pendragon fought Gorlois for Igraine. Here he won her and she became the mother of King Arthur.

At the Rough Tor if we reread the "Morte d'Arthur," we have but to look up to see the trysting-place of the world's greatest lovers, Tristram and Iseult. Then—oh, then—we come to Tintagel! As we look across from the old God's acre of Trevena at the ruins, with the sea lying, as a Cornish poet says, "a stong vassal at his master's gate," the majestic isolation of the castle, its impregnability, the terrible bleakness of the crags that rim it round, shake the heart with a joy which is strangely compounded of melancholy.

How fortunate that the place most closely associated with an age of chivalry, chastity and courage, should possess so beautiful a name! Tintagel!—The very word is music. It is a chant from a virginal played by ghostly hands in an old ruined church beside the sea.

If Cornwall's lonelier regions are haunted by spirits of the past, her seaport towns are thrumming with a very fever of present-day activity. Sennen, village though it is, is the center of a great fishing industry.

To this little town the pilchard is what wheat is to Chicago or erudition to Boston. The fish are caught by a seine weighing about three tons. Men called "huers" are always on watch in the pilchard season and when a school is sighted little boats shoot out from shore and the nets are lowered. One catch alone has brought in as many as sixteen and a half million fish.

The fisher folk bake their pilchards, heads, tails and all, into a pie, which they call starry-gazy because there are holes in the crust, through which, they tell you, the eyes of the fish may look up at the stars.

Not always have Cornishmen lived by righteous labor. This coast was famous as the abode of smugglers and wreckers. It may even be said—in a whisper—that it is not very many years ago when the caves and coves were scenes of the utmost secrecy and guile. When Sir John Killigrew proposed that he place a lighthouse on the Lizard, he met with strong opposition from the natives on the ground that they feared to lose "benefit by shipwreck." Parson Truebeck of the neighboring isles of Scilly offered this pious prayer: "We pray thee, oh Lord, not that wrecks should happen, but that if any wrecks shall happen, thou wilt guide them into the Scilly Isles for the benefit of the poor inhabitants." A popular jingle which was sung after the wreck of an East Indiaman ran thus:

"The John and Lily
Came ashore
To feed the hungry
And clothe the poor."

And in the *Autobiography of a Cornish Rector* we are told that "Uncle Mike's old grey mare with a ship's lantern round her neck was driven onto the cliffs to entice Indiamen onto the rocks."

Although in these days there is no deliberate wooing of catastrophe for benefits such as the old wreckers looked for, the drama of tragedy and disaster still continues on the Cornish coast in spite of the many lights and buoys that have been placed there.

Not only on the beaches occur scenes of ruin. Far and wide over the land are cones made of heaped-up refuse from tin mines, while the roofless remains of smelting towers and pumping-houses are well-nigh as numerous as prehistoric monuments. Although these buildings, of which the wind and rain have taken possession, are themselves modern, yet the mining industry is closely concerned with the duchy's remote past.

Historians draw for us pictures of the early traders. We see beaked galleys approach with bronzed crews in the flowing robes of Asia. Down to the shore flock fair-skinned people speaking the Celtic tongue. They wear dark cloaks and carry staves in their hands. They lead small horses laden with blocks of tin which they trade with the men from overseas for pottery, money and clothes. In these days when civilization is so far advanced that there is no stability in the value of metal, many of the mines are closed down. Yet enough are open to cause you to be forever conscious of the underground world where men are burrowing like moles in dark hidden chambers—sometimes as much as a mile beneath the sea. The rumble within the mines of cars carrying the ore, though audible in the upper air only to the ear

of the spirit, becomes finally the *motif* of pain which runs through the song of life—symbolic of the hardship and deprivation on which human enjoyment is built.

Very touching is the ancient hymn that mourners used to sing as they trudged behind the coffin of a miner on its way to the little lonely God's acre:

"Sing sweetly while you travel on
And keep the funeral slow:
The angels sing where I am gone
And you should sing below.

"Then bear me gently to my grave
And as you pass along,
Remember 'twas my wish to have
A pleasant funeral song."

It is good to know that, hard as life may be for the miner, there is solace for him in the anticipation of "pleasant" burial rites!

The countryside is not made ugly by the wreck of the mine buildings. Ivy creeps up over the broken walls and hills of waste, and such harshness as remains to them fits into the general pattern. But let no one suppose that this pattern is unbeautiful. Even Land's End, which is the bleakest region of Cornwall, possesses the strange beauty of supreme, of ultimate desolation; a beauty triumphant—sublime, which makes itself master of the heart, which subjugates the soul. The cliffs, towering in ageless grandeur above the sea, wear a solemnity that fills the spectator with awe, but it is awe drawn from the deepest springs of joy the human spirit can know.

Nor is there wanting even at Land's End occasional relief from the prevailing austerity. Not far from the Longships light stands one grove of pines. Thither multitudes of starlings come at dusk to shelter for the night. As the sun drops toward the ocean they spy out the grove to discover if any danger lurks within it. The birds go through strange maneuvers before settling in the tree tops. You will see first separate groups flying from all points of the compass, then the various units merge until countless thousands are wheeling and circling together. Ever more joyous grows their flight. They wreathe and curvet, they wind and loop and undulate, then with a movement incredibly sudden and swift, they form a line extending half a mile or more against the sunset. Now begins a spectacle of extraordinary loveliness. Through the clouds they flow like a stream of living water: it ripples and glances; it falls and rises, ebbs, eddies, and sways now this way and now that, then like a waterfall it pours down a slope of sky. Now the water lifts like a fountain, dark in the dying light; now smitten by a wind of some especial ecstasy, it swells into a torrent and surges stormily seaward. But the stream curves back again and the starlings may be seen at last dropping into the quiet dusk of the trees.

If the light is exactly as it should be to make of sea and sky a perfect background for the birds' black wings, this aërial sport of theirs is a sight that the watcher below will never forget. May it not be that something of the wildness of that barren shore finds expression in the motions of their flight? Certainly on no other air do they weave patterns of such rapturous beauty.

It is on these same lonely moors that, if we are fortunate, we discover Lanyon Quoit, standing neglected in a ragged field. This quoit is one of the heroic monuments of

antiquity. It was erected, antiquarians tell us, to the memory of some great chieftain. The flat stone forming the top weighs twenty tons, yet it was placed on pedestals so high that a horseman could ride under it. How in the dim past our ancestors lifted so overpowering a burden who can surmise? What heartbreaking toil and strain must have gone into the building of this mighty monolith! Battles have been fought around it, centuries of rain and wind have beaten upon it, and still it stands, holding its secret safe in the same invincible silence.

There are other quoits on the moors: there are cromlechs and barrows, and the curious stones known — mistakenly, we now believe—as Druid circles. With few exceptions these precious relics of past ages are utterly neglected. Parts of some of them—the most majestic monoliths in the world—have even been carried away and used for purposes of building.

By good luck the visitor to Cornwall may stumble upon the knowledge that some beehive huts have been excavated and may be seen. By more good luck he may find them. At Gurnard's Head there are white arrows painted on the rocks, though there is nothing to indicate that they lead to an ancient British village. Yet, impelled by curiosity, the visitor may mount the stiles, follow the paths winding between piles of rock and over stony pastures, until at last he finds himself in a dwelling-house of Paleolithic or Neolithic man.

The rooms are clearly defined, indeed almost intact, save for the roofs: these, fallen into decay, have no doubt been removed, as there is no débris. A large rough-hewn pillar of stone stands on either hand to mark the entrance. From a wide hall open various chambers. The walls remain as they were laid with nice precision, stone on stone, the builders having depended only on rude clay to hold them, so neatly, even beautifully, were the stones fitted one to another. The floors are paved with flat slabs. There are fireplaces which are usually set out from the wall. On many the scars of flame are plainly visible. In some of the chambers is a rough dais. Was this an altar to the unknown God toward whom man in the childhood of the race was already groping?

What emotions take us by the throat when we stand here! This to the man of the Stone Age was home: here he lived; here he knew hunger and fear. Here, may we not be sure, he loved also?—else he were lower than the beasts. How many thousands of years ago did these walls echo to the manifold sounds of life? Historians cannot tell us. There reigns here now a silence that holds within its depths the unfathomable secrets of the past.

Did the man of the Stone Age, we ask ourselves, standing where we stand, look out on the ineffable desolation of these moors? Did he feel his heart tremble as ours tremble now, with the mystery that broods forever over earth and sea? Did he sense, though ever so dimly, in that early dawn breaking on long darkness, something of the great drama that was unfolding among these rocks? At least, being man, there was in him something of questioning, something of wistfulness and wonder. The stillness is pregnant with the pitiful yearnings of his spirit, and over the terrible abyss of time we reach out our hands to him and call him friend.

A RUSTLE O' GRASSES

By Liam P. Clancy

'TIS Dawn!
And the mists, as a shroud,
Have the hills in their keep.
The lark from his sleep,
With a lay light and loud,
Forsakes now his nest.
The wind from the West
Comes crooning apace;
And down the deep valley,
And o'er the wild hill,
By birch-grove and sally,
With a lull, with a rally,
With a sigh, with a will,
The feet of it race:
But never a trace,
Save a song in the grasses,
Does it leave as it passes!

'Tis Day!
As a haze on the hill
Is the gorse with its gold.
All its glories untold
Flash out in the still,
Low hush o' the noon.
Anon, as a rune,
From the rim o' the West,
Thro' valleys low-lying,
And hills towering lone,
With a laughter undying,
With a sobbing, a sighing,
With a song, with a moan,
Flits by on its quest
The zephyr's unrest:
And it leaves, as it passes,
Just a rustle o' grasses!

ANN KENDRICK

By Sara Maynard

ANN KENDRICK lay motionless in bed, her eyes fastened on the ugly rail at the bottom where patches of iron showed through the blueish-white enamel. Beside her, almost hidden under a woollen blanket, lay her sixth child. No sign of joy was visible on her face, no relief or relaxation. The ordeal was over, but the everyday ordeal went on. And that was never so keen as during these first hours after giving birth to her children. Each time she said to herself: "The next one I'll have at home." How she despised this up-country life! And because her children had been born in the Colony she sometimes despised them too.

"You're all Afrikanders," she would cry, flinging her accusation down into the startled faces of Patricia and Brian.

To-day, having brought to birth the sixth of her Afrikander brood, she lay rigid but near to tears through weakness and disgust and general misery, and paid no heed to the slight movements of the new child; nor to the bulky figure of her husband standing in silence at the window.

Tom Kendrick stood with his back towards her, staring down into the hot deserted street. It was Good Friday and a bank holiday. Not a sound or sight of life passed by the house except an occasional Kaffir girl padding softly on her bare feet as she went through the town collecting into her basket the hard flat cakes of dung. Kimberley was a sorry hole on a bank holiday.

Ann knew the expression of sulky ill-humor that must be upon her husband's face. And now as he stood like a block in the window with his hands thrust into his pockets she was suddenly conscious (without ever moving her eyes off the footrail of the bed) of the weight he was too rapidly putting on. He was over thick-set for a man of thirty-six. A faint wave of satisfaction stirred the disappointment permanently in her heart. Since marriage to this genial vagabond had cheated her of so much it behooved nature to make Tom himself pay at least one small penny.

Tom liked to boast of this fine brick house they lived in. What other man, he asked, owned a brick house except the banker? For all she cared Tom could keep his bright garish red bricks. What Ann wanted was a substantial gray stone house overgrown with ivy at Foxrock or Killiney, and the warmth and heartiness of Dublin life among her own kin. Listening to Tom's flamboyant account of the brilliance and luxuriance of South Africa and the easy fortunes to be made on the diamond fields her youthful imagination had been fired, but in actuality she had soon found that one could come to hate the endless sunshine. And in place of diamond fields spreading like a cloth of gold what did one ever see but the dreary mines and the blue débris-heaps?

This morning when Patricia stood by her bedside and asked in awe: "Where did the baby come

from, Mamma?" she had answered: "Off the débris-heaps."

Ann sighed and closed her eyes and two tears of exhaustion forced a way through her lids. At the other end of the passage the children's nurse sang in the nursery "I hear yer callin' me acrost the ocean blue." Would that stupid girl be capable of finishing Tom's costume in time for the Monday night's performance? No, much more likely she would have to sit propped up in bed on Monday and finish it. Up to the last moment she had sat sewing on the black sateen which was to form a full cape for Tom's bulky shoulders. The wild ideas that man got into his head! He couldn't see what an absurdity it was to put on a one-man scene of *Hamlet* for these clodhoppers of miners. And he was still far from word-perfect. That meant that she would have to din away at him, drilling him. She didn't feel up to it and she wouldn't feel much stronger to-morrow.

At last her husband turned from the window. He cast a disgruntled and somewhat shamefaced glance at her, muttered "Well, nothing else for it I suppose," and went out of the room. For the second time in the day he was going to church; this time he would stay there for several hours.

When the creak of his boots had died away Ann turned on her side and rolled back the edge of the blanket. Then, for a moment, the tension went out of her face and the harshness softened as she lifted the tiny hand of her new-born daughter and put it to her lips.

It was evening when Tom entered the bedroom again and Good Friday was nearly over. He regretted his grumpiness at noon. Tom was a conscientious Catholic in heart and habit but decidedly a Protestant in stomach, and a black fast was a dour thing. Now he kissed his wife and asked her how she felt, and he gave a fleeting examination to the baby. With the rising of his spirits he could afford to be amused at the remarkable ugliness of this Good Friday child. Still it was a good thing, he said, that this one's eyes were all right. Their previous child had been born blind and had died an hour after receiving baptism, and the child before that had been born dead. This one seemed all right. That was a good thing.

The next morning a breakfast of porridge, steak and onions, omelet, toast and coffee (the everyday breakfast of a Kimberley man) entirely restored him to his normal pleasant state of mind and he forgot about his new daughter. Babies were not much in his line. He was a business man, interested in little beyond business. And so on Easter Sunday when Ann talked of the christening to be held that afternoon he exclaimed in surprise "What's that? . . . By jing, yes!" Then followed an eloquent half hour in which the baby's names were finally decided upon. Choosing Gaelic names for his sons and daughters was a source of childish delight to him. Kevin, Columba, Oona Maire, Enda Cahir,—such combinations he rolled off his tongue. He had allowed Ann to tack on Stephen to their eldest boy merely because St. Stephen was the first martyr, and as such he felt that Ireland had a right to claim him. He would not have lived in Ireland at any price, but with every year spent away from it he became more blatantly patriotic.

Driving to the baptism in the afternoon the godmother congratulated Tom because this baby had come into the world "perfect."

"Yes, thank God," said Tom with a pious sigh. The two dead infants had had a woeful effect upon Ann. "Yes, indeed, thank God for that," he repeated, and no more was said during the drive.

Neither Tom nor the baby's godmother nor Ann lying at home in the rusty iron bedstead had the remotest idea of the affliction which rested upon the new child. To the Born Blind and Born Dead in Ann Kendrick's mental family-album she could now add Born Afraid.

By the time the Good Friday baby was four years old she had come to the decision that her names were very ugly. She knew they had been more or less foisted upon her by her Colonial godmother, for many a time she had heard the story of her christening. Proud Gaelic names had been chosen for her by her father and then at the critical moment the ignoramus of a godmother had bungled. Instead of being placed upon the baptismal records as Fionnuala Sheila she went down as plain Frances Sarah. It was the color of Frances that was so distressing. To her every name, every word, every sound was much more a color than a word, a name or a sound. She never said she disliked her name. She was much too afraid to do so for she was born frightened and she remained frightened all her life. But she squinted up her eyes as though she were hurt whenever she heard herself called, and it was this habit of squinting that finally brought her another name.

"But Mamma," she wept when her mother scolded her, "Frances is the color of freckles, only grayer."

"Bother it!" cried Tom. "Frances is a queer name for a girl anyway. Let's call the little thing Kathleen and be done with it." And the same afternoon he took Frances Sarah's christening cup to the jeweler's to have the baptismal initials blocked in. The newly-named child never forgot that afternoon or her father's hearty kiss as they left the jeweler's. "You're Kathleen now, my pet, and more power to you."

The calm, pale yellow of Kathleen! "When I'm a grown-up lady I'll carry Papa whenever we go out together," she thought in gratitude, her tired thin legs spindling along beside her father's stride.

Having a new name made a big difference, but the beautifully cool, pale yellow Kathleen remained just as terrified as the freckly Frances had been.

Every morning at eight o'clock, Emmy van Streal, their nurse, gave Kathleen and her little sister their breakfast on the veranda. This, for Kathleen, was the happiest time of the day. The air was new and sometimes there was a breeze, echoes of the post horn came traveling merrily in from the distance, and mysterious green trees could be seen in a vast panorama. Kathleen's heart expanded at this hour with the magic of morning, and her four-year-old throat opened to give voice to the joy within her in the only form of song she knew: the hymn. With her unheeding little sister standing beside her she sang "Oh, Mother, I could weep for mirth" and nearly wept for mirth; and then she sang "Daily, daily, sing to Mary," and her heart was much stirred, although she thought it was "Daly, Daly" and a supplica-

tion (if not a caution) to Joe Daly, the colored boy who worked in the kitchen.

But by midday everything was incredibly changed. Then there was no air at all, or at best it was a hot wind, and there was no heart-lifting call from that distant postman. And what of those glinting, green trees? By noon those lovely trees had vanished, light and shade. The view from the veranda now was of a dusty unlovely clump of evergreens, scarcely to be seen at all between the two bright red buildings on the opposite side of the Kendrick's street.

In the early morning Kathleen was less frightened of people than at any other time. Thus it was that she questioned Emmy van Streal one day before breakfast.

"Emmy van Streal, what's that country over there?" she asked, standing on tiptoe at the railing of the balcony and pointing to the beautiful green trees she saw, or thought she saw, in the distance.

" 'Tisn't a country. That's where the swells live."

No more than that. Emmy van Streal never parted with much, but as a nurse she was better than any other girl the Kendrick children ever had to mind them.

"And, Emmy van Streal, what's school?"

"Oh, shut up," said Emmy.

For a couple of years after that Kathleen wondered what school was. It meant tiffin boxes and a great hurry after breakfast for Patricia and Brian and Oona. But she never questioned Emmy van Streal about it again, and it was left to terrifying experience to teach her what exactly was school. For the moment there was a larger problem to occupy her attention. While her little sister was sleeping away the hottest part of the afternoon, and Emmy van Streal was sprawling downstairs in the kitchen gossiping, she was consumed with longing to be with her mother,—but that was the problem: to reach Mamma in safety. For two flights of stairs and a dwarf separated her from her mother.

One afternoon she crept out of the nursery onto the landing. This day the terror she felt of the dwarf hardly equaled the longing she had to be with her mother. She stood on the top step of the stairs, hesitating. Then at last with her hand clutching the yoke of her pinafore to make her heart stop beating so hard she braved that treacherous stairway and crept down the first flight.

Her eyes were wide and her mouth was open, ready to emit a scream if the dwarf with the red tie and the sword should make his usual attempt to cut off her legs from his hiding place under the oilcloth. She did manage to reach the bottom of both flights in safety,—and then how she yelled! A smothered hysterical yell of triumph as she dashed into the sitting-room.

"Good *gracious*, child!" exclaimed her mother. "What are you doing down here? Why doesn't Emmy van Streal mind you? Run upstairs and play on the balcony by yourself until Ethna wakes."

Kathleen was afraid of her mother. So seldom had she seen a ray of light on Ann Kendrick's stern white face with its numerous, fine lines. But she was much more afraid of the dwarf with the red tie and the sword. It was impossible to go back upstairs alone, for surely he had heard her yell of triumph and would be lying in wait for her

return. Consequently she disobeyed her mother; disobeyed but compromised. She remained in the sitting-room safe under Mamma's protection, but far enough away from Mamma to leave her in peace. Standing on tiptoe in the doorway she stayed for twenty, thirty, forty minutes without moving a muscle, without a sound, watching her mother's face. No matter how long she stood there she knew her mother would not speak again.

After her brief nervous command to the child Ann Kendrick bent once more over the heavy account books spread on the table before her. It astounded her to see what huge sums of money rolled into Tom's various business enterprises. Any other man in his place would have amassed a fortune long before this, but with him the money rolled out as easily as it rolled in. His name was the first on every charity list, his donation the largest; moreover giving money away had become nothing less than a hobby of his. When he saw a man going down he hastened to rescue him, and what passed between them was never a loan but a gift. "Put the thing out of your head once and for all, man," Tom would say with a wave of his hand.

While her pencil mounted the long columns of figures Ann thought of Mrs. Drake and Mrs. Jackson. Both these women had lately left Kimberley on their second trip to Europe within three years. "And it will be lucky for them," said Tom, "if they don't find their husbands on the breakwater when they return." Well, she was not thinking of illicit deals in diamonds, but here was an honest fortune in Tom's very hand if he could only be persuaded to close his grasp on it. Six weeks on the coast at Christmas time was the most she and the children got. Tom never took a holiday. Life itself was a holiday and a tonic to him, and signing away fifty or a hundred pounds gave him as much satisfaction as putting money in the bank. Meanwhile the more lavish he became the greater economy she practiced. Her children she dressed well and with taste. Their clothes came from London; but for herself a holland skirt, a shirt blouse, an elastic belt and a sailor hat sufficed.

The hall door banged and she heard Tom whistling. Her hand holding the pencil paused momentarily and trembled with indignation. To-day she could not stop thinking of that overdressed Mrs. Jackson with her dyed hair and eight guinea hats steaming away towards England. "One of these days I'll quarrel with Tom," she thought, "I'll force him to sell his warehouses and that vulgar concert hall."

"Hi there, my small bunch of grapes," cried Tom in his big voice as Kathleen stepped aside to let him pass. He smoothed the child's thin fair hair back off her forehead. "As white as a little ghost," he muttered.

Encouraged by her father's attentions Kathleen took a few steps after him into the sitting-room and then she stood still again. She watched these two strange grown-ups. In her eyes they were both very, very tall,—and very, very different. Papa's ruddy face was always happy, and Mamma's face was always white and serious and sometimes it was cross. Everything about Papa was expansive, even to the heavy gold watch-chain

stretched across his waistcoat, and when he told a funny story his laughter boomed through the house; but it was different with Mamma. Kathleen had never seen her mother smile. All the same, after her little sister Kathleen loved her mother more than anything else in the world.

"Well, Ann," said Tom loudly, "I've done it."

Ann glanced up. This was evidently one of Tom's swaggering days. "You've parted with another hundred?" she said quietly.

"I've parted with more than that."

Again into Ann's mind darted the thought of Mrs. Drake and Mrs. Jackson and the other gaudy Kimberley wives. "Then it's no use my trying to keep your books for you, Tom," she said decisively. "You must get somebody else."

Tom came behind her and put his hands on her shoulders. "You can close those books for good and all, woman dear. I've sold out."

Ann held on to the table with her finger tips as the room turned slowly black. Tom was more startled than he had ever been in his life, not so much by the weakness that had suddenly overcome his wife as by the strange cry of joy that came from the child standing near the door.

When Ann regained her senses she found her four-year-old daughter pressed close to her side. Kathleen was waiting to see her mother do it again. For the first time she had seen Mamma smile.

The novelty of the long train journey to Cape Town thrilled the young Kendricks. Sleeping in bunks, eating at tiny folding tables, stopping at De Aar at midnight in the wilderness of the veld, and getting up out of bed to dress and walk with Papa on the station platform and gaze up at thousands of stars, having Mamma to read Grimm's *Fairy Tales* to them,—every moment was filled with wonder.

During the long days Kathleen stayed close to her mother. She was afraid of the strangers who passed up and down the corridor of the train and stared into their carriage. How nice it would be now to have cheeky, friendly Emmy van Streal at hand! Yet she had Ethna and Mamma, and they were much better than Emmy van Streal. And perhaps after this Mamma was going to be happy all the time like Papa.

But Ann Kendrick did not look happy. Seriously she read stories to the children. Kimberley was being left behind her but she knew that there were many years of Colonial life still ahead of her. For Tom had not sold out as he had told her. The warehouses and restaurant he had let go for a song; the rest of his property, including the brick house (of which he had so often boasted), he had thrown in as a gift. Altogether it was an extremely flippant bargain he had made.

"All my children will be Afrikanders," she thought while the children jumped up and down on the seats in delight. They had another forty miles to travel before they came within sight of the sea but already they were sniffing at the fresh salt atmosphere. "All my children will be Afrikanders, born and bred." Then she bit her lips to keep back the tears of emotion that threatened her at this first breath of the sea after her long trial in the parched up-country.

POTPOURRI

The Opinions of Our Contemporaries

OVER most of the so-called civilized world to-day liberty of thought does not exist. Government is omnipotent and strictly irresponsible; the Press is its mouthpiece; education its propaganda; history its apology; the arts its echo. As for democracy . . . it is to-day fighting for its existence. . . . Over two-thirds of the so-called civilized world to-day men's minds have been sent to prison and their rulers hold the keys to their cells.

—C. E. M. Joad, *Liberty To-Day.*

It is not without significance that no Cæsar or Napoleon has ever founded a government which lasted beyond his own lifetime. The Mussolinis, the Stalins, the Hitlers find themselves compelled to suppress everything that America values most highly in order temporarily to accomplish their ends. How substantial and valuable these ends may be no one can now foretell, though there are many who would be willing to risk their reputation as prophets on the outcome. Within the last ten years there have been moments when democracies, all more or less inefficient, were thought to have had their day. I venture to believe that the autocracies created within the last few years have made the world safer for democracy than it ever was before.

—Abraham Flexner, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, August.

Sound money in a substance which cannot be manufactured at will is essential to freedom. I favour a return to the Gold Standard —and much more than that, I favour a return to the use of gold coins for general use in circulation and as private property in the pockets of the people, and over counters. Sham money in any form puts us wholly at the mercy of those who issue it.

—Hilaire Belloc, in *G. K.'s Weekly*, June 27th.

We have witnessed in our time an all-round attack on the foundations of our philosophy and our art. The cult of the primitive, in music, in sculpture, in painting, and in conduct, has developed into a general rebellion against accepted standards. Hysteria has ceased to be a disease and has become an ideal. But I do not believe that this will last. . . . You can observe the taste-sway in creed and conduct down the centuries, and its vagaries have infinite fascination for the student of social history. But, whatever the vagaries, these things in the end abide: regard for balance of mind, which is sanity; for balance of sound, which is rhythm; for balance of form and color, which is beauty; and for balance of behavior, which is goodness.

—Ivor Brown, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, August.

It is sometimes said that only families with bad records get into print these days. To which I might add that of late families with no records at all also are considered proper material for the author's concentration. It is believed that if one can make this drabness convincing it

will reflect back on the economic conditions which are to blame, instead of on the utter bankruptcy of inner resources of the characters.

—HARRY HANSEN.

There is today scarcely a business in New York which does not somehow pay its tribute to the underworld—a tribute levied by force and collected by fear. It is always a case of pay up or take the consequences. The business man quickly starts paying if he can, or closes his business if he cannot pay. Tragically enough, many business men have reached the cynical conclusion that rackets cannot be broken up. They keep their own counsel and fight their losing battle. I do not agree with that philosophy.

—THOMAS E. DEWEY, Special Prosecutor in the New York City racket inquiry.

The Church, whose boast it is to be "all things to all men," denies no single expression of human nature which is natural and rational. We may say that its condemnation of contraceptives is arbitrary, unreasonable and unsuited to the times, but we cannot call it unnatural. On the contrary, it is we who deserve that epithet for sustaining a social-economic system which denies to men the fulfilment of their human nature. We have put ourselves lower than the beasts, subordinated our lives to mere machines and sacrificed the fullness of desire for Safety First. In a world of ghastly repressions, inhuman denials and monstrous, idiotic artificialities, the Church calls with a sane human voice, "For God's sake be natural."

—LAURENCE OLIVER, *Tadpoles and God.*

It would be a mistake to think that beauty follows automatically on the heels of truth and goodness. . . . In Catholic churches great and small, up and down the country, we see work poured out at great expense which proclaims the vulgarity of its authors and the bankruptcy of their taste. . . . The effect of these sugary buildings, with their acid-drop walls and chocolate dados, their insipid plaster figures, restless tiles, and varnished woodwork, is beyond calculation in its influences on a congregation or on a non-Catholic who may look inside. A visitor does not necessarily analyse his impressions; he registers a conviction that this is not his spiritual home. An uninstructed mechanic feels vaguely that the St. Joseph drooping over a lily does not look capable of an honest day's work. A sailor sees tawdry curtains, or movable steps to climb up to the frilled pinnacles of a permanent throne, and feels in his bones that they would not stand for this in the Navy, though he does not say so; but he is not drawn to look in a second time.

—GEOFFREY WEBB, in *The Dublin Review*, July.

Fifty years ago people lived intensely, really. Today our young people live superficially. Not even the most appalling experiences make any permanent impression either for good or for evil. And so there are no longer any really wicked men in the world and no really bad women. Our youth is lukewarm, neither cold nor hot. And one cannot but remember the future that was promised to the lukewarm.

—JOHN RATHBONE OLIVER, *The Ordinary Difficulties of Everyday People.*

To-day we are the only great power I know of on the face of the earth that has not a branch of its

government devoted to art and literature. . . . What we need is not official and pompous art, but the fostering and cultivation throughout the country of the creative spirit. What we need is not relief dependent on a pauper's oath, but a friendly and helping hand to the men and women who can create this new and spiritual uplift for us . . . They should be stimulated to create their best by the knowledge that what they have to give is wanted by their government and that they are looked upon as an asset rather than a liability to the State.

—Edward Bauck, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, August.

Increasingly machines dominate men's amusements. To step on foot throttles, insert coins into metal slots, scan headlines, crowd through clinking turnstiles, rush headlong through the air or over the earth in mechanisms . . . these constitute the modern notion of leisure-using and of entertainment. Almost it might be said that they stand for the specifically modern notion of the "good life."

—C. E. M. Joad, *Liberty To-Day*.

Nationality to the liberal [of the nineteenth century] was his people's personality: their history, traditions, memories, social habits, philosophy of life. It was natural to the liberal to want to see his people united, self-governing, independent; for this was freedom. And it was equally natural to him to recognise that every other people had a similar claim to be united, to realise each their national personality . . . Twentieth-century nationalism is something different from this: it is egoistic, self-assertive, intolerant and largely inspired by hate. There is nothing liberal about this. It should be called neo-nationalism, not nationalism. Croce would like to call it *activism*. Activists are the kind of people who hate their neighbours and trample upon minorities, refuse to recognise any responsibility outside their own frontier, loathe imports, exclude strangers, and make a god of their collective *ego*.

—R. B. Mowat, in *The Contemporary Review*, June.

To the pacifist war may signify horror, to the economist folly, to the philosopher barbarism; but to the mass of men it means many precious things: romance to the miserable, action to the inhibited, power to the impotent, reward to the unnoticed. Men denounce war —rationally. But psychologically, in the deepest recesses of the personality—men like war.

—Leo C. Rosten, in *Harper's*, July.

Older civilizations lived in fear of the barbarian beyond the border. The barbarian who menaces modern civilization is in our midst. Vast multitudes, scattered through all economic groups in our population, are living psychologically beyond their means. At best they have learned only to keep up the external show of civilization. The spirit of our culture, of any culture, is beyond them. . . . They demand that all values of civilization be reduced to their own cranial attitude; that all public policies pamper their prejudices. Never before in history until our own time, with the possible exception of those last terrible days of the Roman Republic, was this half-civilized human type so articulate and powerful as now.

—Dean Everett Martin, *Farewell to Revolution*.

AN INTRODUCTION TO PREFACES

By Joseph Clifford Fenton, S.T.D.

THE preface is a monument to the inherent humility of serious writers as a class. Only in function of a profound and conscious self-abasement on the part of the ponderous *litterati* is the preface at all explicable as an institution. It is nothing more or less than an explanation of the book to the public. The many-headed monster is duly informed of the reasons which motivated the writing of the book, and of the end the author had in view in allowing it to be published. Sometimes the scribe goes so far as to claim a certain necessity for writing. Circumstances render it imperative that a new summary be made of the findings in Egyptology, or perhaps pure mathematics. Viewed dispassionately, however, this sort of procedure is only an attempted palliation of something analogous to a social error. Things or actions which are obviously acceptable require no special explanation. If, for instance, we chance to arrive at the dinner table on time, we do not feel compelled to regale our fellow banqueters with a recital of the motives and circumstances that effected our promptness. There is no need whatsoever for such a course. Every normal person understands that such conduct is motivated by a limited number of definitely comprehensible considerations, such as worldly prudence, love of peace, and hunger. When, on the other hand, we are late, we do not regard our advent as precisely self-explanatory. Although of late years we have been advised, from commercial sources to assume a studied nonchalance in situations of this sort, by far the more usual and orthodox course is to offer some variety of explanation.

The production of a serious book evidently falls into the category of those things which demand some sort of explanation. Usually some sort of attempt at explanation is made. Obviously these tentatives will vary, as all others of their kind, as to validity, effectiveness and artistic merit. They are embodied in the prefaces, or the little notes to the reader which are considered indispensable to a volume of serious proportion and serious intent.

In this instance, as in any other where an explanation is required, the gentleman whose concern it is to conciliate can legitimately make use of an advocate. Quite evidently the man of whose services he avails himself will be one who is eminently acceptable to the parties whose good will he hopes to acquire. And no less evidently the conscientious advocate will never for a moment forget the work for which he is being employed. Consequently it is not surprising to find that the "Introductions" by some well-known figure in the intellectual world lack that spirit of frankness and simplicity that characterizes the author's own explanation of his work. The eminent figure who condescends to introduce the work of his less famous associate is bound by the laws of courtesy to conclude that the work is meritorious and that the author is strictly compe-

tent. He cannot say anything else. If he feels so inclined he can relieve the monotony of his task with some little information about the matter of which the book itself treats. At best however it is a melancholy business, and testifies mostly to the humility of the author, and the open loyalty of the eminent friend. Otherwise it is hardly better than the making of blurbs.

Even though prefaces are looked upon in the light of explanations, they do not necessarily imply an attitude of apology. As a matter of fact the instances of an author really expressing regret at the publication of his work are so few that they do not merit consideration. It is one thing to explain a work; quite another to express sorrow that such a work has been permitted to appear. There are many occasions where an author has expressed regret that the circumstances that rendered the book necessary should have occurred. Such an instance we find, for example in the introductory to Newman's *Apologia*. But, as for the work itself, an explanation and not an apology is demanded. The explanation is freely given.

In any case the preface is personal and revealing. Paradoxically, this is most eminently and obviously true where the work to which it is prefixed is objective and strictly scientific in its scope and motivation. Among the most amiable on this score are those whose literary labors have been expended in behalf of the Catholic Church. In the light of their prefaces, the most austere of writers, the scholastics and the great commentators become human and familiar. They speak to us freely and intimately about the circumstances that motivated their work, about the aims they mean to accomplish, about the conditions that affected their teaching and the intellectual life of their times. The prefaces give us the opportunity to meet the great teachers of Christendom outside of class, a chance to observe them, not only as pedagogues but as human beings. We listen to them, and we hear them speak to us as to intimates and friends.

A good many of these explanations take the form of frank and affectionate letters, addressed "to the reader," or in the case of the more sanguine, "to the readers." In other words they are addressed to us, personally. For while the writers wished to give an account of their activity to the public, it was most certainly not the general public that was envisioned. We can be perfectly certain that the venerable Father Francis Suarez would never bother to introduce the *Disputationes Metaphysicæ* to enthusiasts for movie superdramas. These addresses manifest the affection and the loyalty of the professor for his own students, and that affection is not in the least constrained or simulated. A man would not be really human if he did not feel a certain tenderness towards those who would look to him as a teacher, even after his death. The tie which binds the professor to his auditors is certainly no stronger than that which unites the author to his readers. Both classes apply to him for instruction, and his words enlighten those who read as well as those who hear.

While Columbus was beginning his first voyage to America, Cajetan was teaching the philosophers at Padua. Yet these men had no stronger right to consider them-

selves students of Cajetan than have the twentieth century readers of the "Commentaries." The same sort of school loyalty should animate both classes. Actually, if there is any difference, it is all in favor of the Class of '35, rather than their brethren of '92.

The pupils of the great Dominican attended his classes for exactly the same reason that motivates the attendance of most pupils in most classes the world over. They were making their course in that particular house, and he happened to be a professor there. They had to attend his classes in order to avoid an involuntary and inglorious retirement from the school. Under such conditions the freedom that perfect loyalty demands was lamentably deficient. It was not out of any regard for him that they attended his classes. As a result, he had no special reason for affection towards them, as a class on that ground.

Then, we know more about him than they did, at the time, at least. Their acquaintance was of course, more intimate. Very probably they labeled him with some disreputable nickname, of the sort that is the hall mark of the successful professor everywhere. Undoubtedly too, they professed to see in him a facial resemblance to some one of the more picturesque criminals of the day. It is impossible to believe that among the men who listened to him, there were not a certain number of mimics who could always enliven the *cortile* with some decidedly burlesque rendering of his exposition *De Ente et Essentiâ*. In all likelihood he was frowned upon in the more orthodox student circles as a "tough marker," and men prayed fervently that some one else might examine them in the orals. The man who was to characterize Martin Luther as a *"corpus sine capite,"* and who considered it sinful for the members of a teaching order to spend less than four hours a day at study would not be expected to grant much quarter to a student who was not prepared to recite. His would never, by any stretch of the imagination be considered a "snap course."

The men who studied in the halls of Padua could not be expected to know, at the time, that their professor was destined to become the Master General of his Order, to be instrumental in the election of Charles V. as emperor, to be the delegate assigned to hear the case of Luther, and to become a Cardinal. We know this now, and we are in a position to appreciate him apart from the petty details that clouded the vision of his contemporaries. Our admiration is not disturbed and vitiated by any premonitions of trouble with him on the examining board. And, if we wish to read him and to learn from him, it is solely because we chose to do so. There are other teachers, equally enlightened and accessible, even in his own matter. We are pupils of his, not merely from across the sea, but, what is still more important, from across the centuries. He and his fellows appreciated that loyalty, even if they did not know the individuals in whom it would be found. As a result, they speak sincerely, and as friend to friend when they converse with us out of class, and tell us of their work and their ideals.

We would expect these letters to contain explanations. But we could hardly expect that the spirit of scholastic comradeship would manifest itself so strongly as to make

requests of us. Nevertheless requests there are, and in great abundance. They ask us, for example, to overlook the lack of polish in their works, and allege frequently a lack of time for correction. This consciousness of time permeates their discourse, and produces the most touching of prefatial phenomena. For many of these formidable masters ask us to pray for them. It is the reward they seek, and that student would be indeed hard of heart who refused to accede to their request.

Through the medium of the preface, we are enabled to make the acquaintance of Peter Lombard himself. Peter had been a friend and a pupil of Abelard, and at the same time was on terms of intimacy with St. Bernard. Not content with this achievement, which would have been more than enough for the average man, he decided to write a compendium of theology. The work was written about the middle of the twelfth century, and received the name of the *Four Books of Sentences*. In the treatise he attempted to harmonize the tendencies that were represented by his two illustrious friends. He is serious, yet none the less friendly and familiar as he introduces his work.

"We desire," he tells us, "like the poor woman in the Gospel, to give something out of our own poverty and weakness to the treasury of the Lord. We have presumed to go a way that is very difficult, and to do a work that is beyond the capacity of our own forces. Yet we place our confidence that the work will be completed, and in the reward of our labor in that Divine Samaritan, Who, when He had given the twopence for the care of the man he found half dead, promised on His return to make up for anything that might still be lacking." Peter is motivated by a zeal for the house of God, and he intends to "defend our faith against the errors of carnal and unspiritual men with the shields of the tower of David," or rather he insists with speculative nicety, "to show that it is so defended." With this end in view he has tried to "explain the more abstruse portions of theological inquiry, and at the same time, to give some instruction about the Sacraments of the Church, as far as the meagerness of our intelligence will permit."

The next few words, even in their twelfth century phrasing, have a familiar ring for the connoisseur of prefaces. "We could not rightly refuse the requests of our studious brethren, who seek to make use of our oral and written teaching in their laudable teaching in Christ." And the last lines of his prologue are no less remarkable. They express an attitude that is characteristically scientific and scholastic. "In this case, for this treatise I desire not only the pious reader, but also the liberal corrector, especially where a profound question of truth is concerned. But may those who find this truth be as numerous as those who contradict it."

As a matter of fact, Peter Lombard had no lack of readers who were pious. Neither did he want for those who were ready with their corrections of his text. This particular work became the standard textbook for theology in the great universities from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries. Among those who began their careers by commenting on the *Sentences* were Alexander of Hales, St. Albert the Great, St. Bonaventure, St. Thomas

Aquinas, and John Duns Scotus. For about four hundred years the keenest thinkers in Christendom based their lectures and a considerable portion of their written work on that "mite" which the old Archbishop of Paris had cast so reverently into the treasury of the Lord. Among these men he was always known as the Master of the Sentences, or simply as the Master.

A hundred years after the *Four Books of Sentences* had made their appearance, St. Thomas Aquinas came to write his *Summa Theologica.* This eventually displaced the work of the Lombard as the standard textbook of Scholastic theology, and stands to-day as one of the intellectual masterpieces of all time. A command of thought that is easy and absolute speaks through its laconic preface.

"Because the doctor of Catholic truth has not merely to teach those who are advanced, but because it is also his duty to instruct beginners, according to the words of the Apostle, 'As to little ones in Christ, I have given you milk to drink, and not meat,' it is our intention in this work so to manifest those things that pertain to the Catholic religion in a way that is adapted to the instruction of new students."

"For we have always thought that the novices at this doctrine have been impeded considerably through the works that different authors have written on the subject; partly because of the multitude of useless questions, articles and arguments and in part again, because the matters that such men need for any sort of knowledge of the subject are not given in the order in which they should be learned, but according to the exigencies of exposition of the text, or as opportunity for disputing was afforded. Moreover the frequent repetition of the same articles brought into the minds of the scholars only confusion and indifference."

"Striving therefore to avoid all of these faults, we shall attempt to set forth the details of sacred doctrine as briefly and as clearly as the matter will allow."

As for brevity, the matter would allow nothing less than five good sized volumes printed in extremely small type. The clarity was not in the least incompatible with an insight and a deductive force that are probably without equal in the history of human thought. Those thirteenth century babes must have been rugged indeed to have been able to digest this strong intellectual milk. Still, the work was properly adapted to beginners in the sacred science. The work was never supposed to be the equivalent of a modern number one catechism. Those beginners were starting their university course in theology. They had completed a formidable course in logic, and in the other arts and sciences included in the medieval curriculum. What they wanted was a complete course in the science of Christian doctrine, given in the proper order. They had such a course in the *Summa.* In this work there was none of that spirit of specialization that characterized the published *Quæstiones Disputatæ*, nor that haphazardness that marked the assembly of the *Quodlibeta.* Neither was there any attempt to cramp the natural order of teaching into the form and confines of a received textbook, in this case the *Sentences* of Peter the Lombard. As a matter of fact the *Summa* forms the basis of the course given to beginners in the seminaries to-day.

However, the Angelic Doctor was not alone among his contemporaries in writing a manual for such beginners. His old friend and rival professor, St. Bonaventure, produced his *Breviloquium* for exactly the same reason. And it is characteristic of the man that his explanation should be more personal, although no more considerate than that of St. Thomas. St. Bonaventure begins his work with a commentary on a portion of St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, wherein the qualities of the science of Christ are enumerated. This was the ordinary procedure of the time. But at the end of his prologue he takes the opportunity to inform the reader of the reason why the work was written.

"Because this doctrine [theology] is scattered so widely in the writings of the saints and of the doctors, a long time is required for new theologians to look into or to hear it in class. As a result, beginners in the study of the sacred books are frequently afraid of Holy Scripture itself. They come to consider it as not sufficiently clear, and not adapted for teaching, and they compare it to some unlighted forest. My associates have asked me to give some brief treatise, in the nature of a compendium about the truth of theology, out of the poor little store of knowledge at my own disposal. Yielding to their requests, I have consented to produce a certain breviloquium, in which, not all things, but those which are most requisite will be touched upon briefly, and in a summary manner. I shall add any reason that may aid the understanding, as the need for such explanation may occur."

Evidently the seraphic ardor of St. Bonaventure in no way impaired the serenity or the judicious equilibrium of his judgment. In the light of that explanation it is no longer difficult to see how he could become, not only the doctor, but the organizer and the administrator of the Order to which he belonged. The calm, unruffled way in which he recognizes the needs of the scholars who had applied to him, and then sets about supplying the want, mark him as a born leader, a worthy Minister General for his Order in those days of trial and dissension.

But neither he nor any of his compeers could be as dramatically compelling as that militant genius of Scholasticism who was to succeed him as the official teacher of the Friars Minor. All the sincerity and the strength of Duns Scotus shine out in his preface to the treatise *De Primo Principio*.

"May the First Principle of all things grant that I may believe, understand and teach what is pleasing to His Majesty, and what will lift up our hearts to contemplation of Him." Those few words summarize his purpose and mentality better than any volumes written to his memory. And his activity was consistent with the sentiments he expressed. The truculent king of France, Philip the Fair, once asked the professors of the university at Paris for a declaration hostile to the interests and to the very nature of the Church. True to the sentiments that he had expressed in this preface, the Subtle Doctor was not in the least afraid to defy a terrestial monarch, rather than say what would be displeasing to his divine King.

St. Robert Bellarmine is the author of the masterpiece of Catholic polemics. In introducing his book of *Controversies*, he first dedicates

the work to the then reigning pontiff, Sixtus V. When he turns his attention to the reader, he speaks frankly, and in great detail about the reasons that have brought about the production of this work. In general, he tells us, it is most expedient that as many Catholics as possible should write when and where heresy is rampant. This he holds as a principle that is generally received and perfectly sound. In this way the enemies of the faith are impressed, and the faith itself is protected. Then he informs us that there is a real need of a general résumé of all the polemics that had been stirred up by the advent and the attacks of Protestantism. He has been ordered to make such a recapitulation by his own superiors. Finally, the publication of the work was rendered imperative by the fact that his students, the members of the German and the English colleges, were threatening to publish their class notes, even without his permission. Published in an incomplete or in an erroneous form, these notes would evidently be productive of a great deal of harm. They would detract, not merely from the reputation of the teacher, but would materially lessen respect for the class to which he belonged. To avoid such an eventuality he publishes them himself, but still in their original form of classroom notes. Evidently the students of those days were not much better than their successors at the business of taking notes on class lectures.

St. Robert, like his predecessors, combines a pleasing humility with an attitude of sturdy independence. As St. Bonaventure had done before him, he asks us to attribute whatever is worth while in his book to God, the Author of truth, and he claims for his own portion only the elements of imperfection. But most certainly he will not fawn for compliments. He bids us remember that he had never intended to publish these notes as they were written, but he had intended to use them as references for his university lectures. At any rate, he tells us, we should pay attention to what is said, rather than to the manner in which it is expressed.

For independence however, the crown should be awarded to John Poinsot, or as he was called in religion, John of St. Thomas. The note to the readers, which he prefixed to his volumes on Natural Philosophy ends in this masterpiece of candor.

"For the man who wants all his difficulties answered in one book, without any labor on his own part; and still is too delicate to endure any prolixity in his reading; I cite these words of St. Jerome to Rufinus. 'No one is being forced to read this book against his will. I have written for inquirers, and not for the indifferent; for lovers of wisdom, and not for those who dislike it; for students and not for idlers.' Farewell." In all the history of the human race it is unlikely that any man has seriously put his pen to paper without similar sentiments. Yet there is no one who has expressed those sentiments with less equivocation than the old professor of Coimbra.

One sentence in the note *"ad lectorem"* of the seventeenth century Dominican, Reginaldus, places him among the masters of the prefatial art. Introducing his treatise *The Three Principles* he tells the reader, "I am not trying to win anybody over to my way of thinking, but

simply to bring the truth unadorned to those who love it." Actually the magnificent synthesis which he constructs remains unvitiated by the overinsistence on polemics that marked a good many contemporary works.

Father Gardeil, the eminent theologian who died only a short time ago, has left a gem of prefatial expression that could only come from one of the cultured sons of France. His life work had been the study of the different sorts of knowledge that we can have about God. In 1926 his last work, *La Structure de l'Ame et l'Expérience Mystique* made its appearance. He finishes this last preface of his in this whimsical vein.

"With this work, in all probability my scientific career as a writer comes to an end. I leave to others, younger and better able to form vast projects, the task of explaining the method, if I dare so to speak, of the fifth science of God, the beatific vision. This is a subject on which St. Thomas has left us a little something that we ought at least to discover, even if we do not make it the object of our meditations. If it pleases the Divine Mercy, on which I rely exclusively, I shall verify the correctness of their labors in a light that is better than that of earth. I hope that I will be able to give them the same report that Brother Romanus, an old pupil of his who had died before him, gave to St. Thomas in a vision, 'As we have heard, so do we see, in the city of the Lord of Hosts, in the city of our God.'" It is the irony of fate that such a document should be dated from the Convent of St. James at Paris, the old home of the Jacobins.

We naturally expect something out of the ordinary from Cardinal Newman, even in the line of prefaces. He does not disappoint us. In the chapters that form the preface for the first edition of the *Apologia*, he does more than explain his book. He explains and introduces himself. Throughout there runs a vein of profound self-depreciation that sums itself up in these words. He realizes that he is one "whose natural impulse it has ever been to speak out; who has ever spoken too much rather than too little; who would have saved himself many a scrape, if he had been wise enough to hold his tongue." He could have no better recommendation.

When he turns to his accuser, as he calls the unfortunate Charles Kingsley, there is no trace of gentleness. Instead there is a passionless efficiency for combat. "He asks about my Mind and its Beliefs and its Sentiments; and he shall be answered;—not for his own sake, but for mine, for the sake of the Religion which I profess, and of the priesthood in which I am unworthily included, and of my friends and of my foes, and of that general public which consists of neither one nor the other, but of well wishers, lovers of fair play, sceptical cross-questioners, interested inquirers, curious lookers-on, and simple strangers, unconcerned about the issue."

The eighteenth century theologian, Billuart, to whose works Newman was introduced at Rome, but for which, on account of his lack of Scholastic training he showed little liking, wrote also with a controversial intent. He produced a complete and systematic course in theology as a reply to the polemics of Honoré Tournély, a doctor of the Sorbonne. He is refreshingly frank

about his purpose in writing and about the means he intends to adopt.

"Consequently, as far as my weakness will allow, I am going to keep right after that theologian. I am not envious of the man, nor angry at him, but I do blame and censure his statements, his errors, dissimulations and pretexts, without any loss of charity. No fair-minded reader will blame me for adopting this course. The right of defence never has been, and never will be denied, even to the vilest of mortals. Still, we are going to defend the statements of St. Thomas, which are our own, and attack the contrary sentiments in this way. We do not wish to anger anyone, nor do we desire to stir up any ill feeling. We enter the arena, not because we like to argue, but because we are interested in the truth. We do not bring words of reproach, but serious arguments and reasons. These we will use according to the laws of charity, as Christians should."

FLYING THE ANDES

By Edwin Ryan

IN bad humor, am I? Well, can you blame me? I've been out here since a little before seven expecting to take off at half past seven and now it's a quarter past eight and no sign of departure. And, believe me, early on a spring morning Chile can be chilly (a contemptible pun—do what you like with it). Of course I know perfectly well what is holding us up. Just look at the Andes. Have you ever seen denser clouds in your life? You have? Well, I haven't. No, I'm not grouchy; just slightly perturbed. Who wouldn't be, in a situation like this? Here I've flown thousands of miles to reach the Eucharistic Congress in time for the solemn opening to-morrow morning and now, after everything has proceeded flawlessly and the schedule has been kept almost to the dot, I find myself delayed at the last moment!

I feared something like this. Sunday afternoon I noticed that the summits were veiled in cloud, so the first thing I did Monday morning was to hurry out to see if I could get a glimpse of them. Well, I didn't get a glimpse, either then or all through the day, and I began to worry. For the Airways take no chances, and I knew that if there were any danger we would not fly to-day. But then, on Monday morning, that man in the office on "The Street of the Orphans" (what a crazy name for a street!) assured me we *would* fly, and I ran around delightedly telling everybody else that we would, and I snuggled into bed early so as certainly to be on time at the airport, and I got up before sunrise and hustled out here—and here I've been ever since, moping about, scrutinizing the Andes and wondering if those pestilential clouds are ever going to lift. It's all very well to prate of "Safety First," but on some occasions that motto can be worse than it sounds, like jazz. Let's ask that pilot if we're going to fly before Christmas.

I might have known he would give a politely evasive answer. That close-mouthed bunch never let you into any airplane secrets. How exasperatingly courteous he was! What are we coming to, when an aviator answers like Little Lord Fauntleroy? "I really don't know, sir. We're awaiting the next weather report from La Cima. The last one was not completely favorable. May I offer you a cigarette?" It was enough to give an earache to a brass monkey. If I had yielded to my feelings at that moment there would have been a row right here on the airfield that would have eclipsed the noisiest revolution South America has ever staged. "Safety First" be hanged—I want to fly over the Andes!

Now see here! This is no way for a pilgrim to a Eucharistic Congress to be carrying on. I ought to be ashamed of myself, pouting like a baby just because I'm confronting a disappointment. When Dom Guéranger was told on his deathbed

that the work to which he had devoted his life seemed a failure he replied tranquilly, "If *God* does not want it *I* do not want it." That's the spirit. I must say to myself, "I don't want to fly over the Andes and participate in the Congress unless God wants me to" (but I hope He does).

Half past nine and no flying yet! I've smoked all my own cigarettes and then some; I've recited my office from Lauds to Vespers; I've discussed with that man from California the prospects of Upton Sinclair's election; I've told Wild West stories to those two Argentine kids that are waiting to fly back to Buenos Aires; I've done everything possible to keep from fretting. But if this lasts much longer I'll explode. For the love of Mike, let's fly!

We've just come back from the Country Club where they took us for coffee and sandwiches—to keep us in good humor, I suppose. How abominably kind of them! Of course when people are doing their level best you have to be polite and appreciative, and the grub was good too. But I'm here, not to drink coffee and eat sandwiches but to fly over the Andes. When do we start?

A quarter past ten and we're still rooted to this airport. The situation seems hopeless. I expect that any minute now they will inform us that "on account of adverse weather conditions the flight will not be attempted to-day." If they say that—oh, look! The tops of the mountains are visible! That means that the blizzard that has been raging up there since Sunday afternoon is ended! True, as the clouds descend into the valley they are turning to rain, but that's nothing. Rain won't keep us back. Maybe we'll fly after all!

What are those chaps doing out there? Why, they're actually getting into the plane! Now the big white bird is taxi-ing toward us. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." Is it possible that we're really going to fly to-day? There goes the steward with my bags. He's putting them on board. Here comes that Chesterfieldian aviator I wanted to kill. "Didn't you hear the signal, sir? Time to be going. We fly at half past ten." O boy! O joy! All set for the flight over the Andes! *Te Deum Laudamus!*

That take-off was a gem! How these fellows can handle a plane! Do you remember those perfect landings we made last Friday, at Ovalle and Santiago? Two double spirals and there we were on land, without jar or jolt, "all sweet and lovely." It was like a poem, wasn't it? Oh, I forgot. You weren't there. Well, I'm sorry you weren't, but it's not my fault you've never flown before in South America. Aren't you glad you're doing it now?

Take a last look at Santiago. We're right over it, and how charming it is even under this murky sky. There's the Cathedral, where I used to say Mass some years ago. The canons always entertained me at breakfast, and one of them invited me to dinner at his home, where I met all his relations within the prohibited degrees of kindred. The magnitude of Chilean families is edifying. No race suicide in this country! And there's the Seminary, where the seminarians thought it a huge joke to see a priest not

wearing a cassock. And there's—oh, bother! We're headed straight into a cloud! Now we'll be in a mist for a few minutes while we're climbing; then when we've got above the cloud we'll look down on nothing but a lot of fluffy whiteness, like that day I flew over the Pacific. Of course we'll see the exquisite color effects but I don't want to see them now. I want to look down on the Andes. I'd feel foolish if I flew over them without seeing them at all.

Mist, white mist, on all sides. Nothing else visible. The universe seems to have melted into mist. Is this all I'm going to see of the Andes? Then I might better have crossed by train, as I did four years ago. That time I enjoyed the scenery, now I've nothing to gaze on but mist.

Good, we're out of the cloud—and say, we've certainly been climbing! Already the cloud is below us and we're getting among towering mountains. Snow on their summits, snow on their sides, snow extending far beneath the level at which we're flying. I wonder how high we are? The steward will tell me.

"We've just passed ten thousand feet, sir, and we're still rising. We go pretty high on this trip."

I hope we do! I feel as though I could fly to the moon!

"And what's the speed?"

"About a hundred and sixty miles an hour, sir."

Gosh, this *is* flying!

The wildest panorama you could imagine. Plenty of evidence of volcanic action. What titantic convulsions must have raged here ages ago! The mountains have been so tossed about by the unfettered play of primeval forces that the spaces between them form a criss-cross of tortuous gulches and ravines suggesting the eternally baffled wanderings of demons striving to escape from their dread prison. Though I prefer curves to straight lines I wish some one would straighten out these twists and turns we're flying among. Every time the plane banks and swerves around one of these jagged mountains I feel a bit uneasy. I thought we were going to fly *over* them but I find we're flying in the midst of them. There seems no way out of this tangled mass of earth and rock. We're hemmed in by walls, steep walls, that shoot up to the heavens and seem determined to stand guard there *per omnia sæcula sæculorum*, as they have been standing since the world was young. Those sentinels will never desert their post. How coldly white they are, especially by contrast with the gloom below. How awe-inspiring. How beautiful. But all the same, this kind of flying is different from any I've ever done before and I do feel a little—Come, I mustn't be nervous. It's perfectly safe. If it weren't they would not be flying us over.

There's Aconcagua, the third highest mountain in the world. It resembles the Matterhorn, but it's higher. The top is buried in snow, that gleams and glitters in the sparkling sunshine of a cobalt sky, except the southern side, a sheer sweep of rock which for thousands of feet is so steep that not a snowflake can lodge in it. I wonder how Old Man Aconcagua feels when he sees us flying right past him at a hundred and sixty-five miles an

hour as though he were not there at all? He is ten miles away from us but in this pellucid air he seems close at hand. And in front, on both sides, and (as far as I can get a glimpse) in the rear, other mountains, all dazzling with snow.

Wow! Look down there! What a tumbled confusion of gorges and glaciers and rock! And snow, snow, everywhere, mingled with ice.

There's a pinnacle, sharp as a needle. Surely its point must be level with us. No, evidently not, for as we fly right over it in superb disdain I perceive that it must be at least five hundred feet lower. We must be pretty high, then.

"How high are we now?"

"A little over fifteen thousand feet, sir. And we'll have to go higher still."

Thank God!

An avalanche! I spotted it just in time. Tons of ice and snow, after clinging desperately to a declivity almost perpendicular, suddenly lost their hold and plunged down, down, down, ever faster and faster, to be buried in—well, in whatever that is down there. It looks like a hole that a million devils might succeed in excavating after æons of digging themselves out of Hell.

The avalanche recalls that appalling catastrophe a few years ago on a bright winter day in July, just outside Santiago, when a toboggan slide gave way and so many people were killed that the Chilean government had to forbid any more winter sports around there. We're not very far from that place now.

It must be fearfully cold outside, for though this plane is heated my feet are not altogether comfortable. Look at that field of snow down there! Deposited by yesterday's blizzard, I suppose. See the flakes being caught up by the wind and tossed about like lost souls! Ah, now I have it! I've been trying to clarify what it is that this stupendous landscape reminds me of, and that chance simile casts the needed light. This terrifying welter of dizzy peaks and giant bowlders and chasms choked with ice and driven snow recalls those pictures in Doré's Bible that I used to shudder over by the hour when I was a boy. But the Andes surpass anything Doré ever dreamed of in the wildest flights of his wild imagination.

The snowflakes seem to have gone mad. What a wind there must be there! I wish I could hear it howl, but I can't. All I can hear is the roar of the motors making close upon two thousand revolutions a minute as the plane flies on.

"How fast are we going?"

"A hundred and sixty-nine miles an hour, sir."

"And how high are we?"

"Seventeen thousand five hundred feet, sir, and still rising, for we have to keep clear of that snow."

It's like a young blizzard down there. The quantity of snow must be simply tremendous. How it beats against those mighty pinnacles of ice, which seem to descend into the bowels of the earth!

This is gleeful, exhilarating! Imagine flying the Andes at a hundred and sixty-nine miles an hour on top of whirling snow!

Oh, it's glorious to be alive and doing things like this!

There's a thick cloud dead ahead. We can't go *around* it, for this pas-

sage is too narrow. A plane needs lots of room. But if we go *through* it we may lose our bearings and that—well, that would be just too bad! Good Lord, we're soaring above it! Nothing can stop these pilots once they get going over the Andes. Of course not. That's a task you had better not undertake unless you're determined to see it through. There is no landing field in this chaos and there is not enough space to turn around and go back. Once you start you have to keep on, twisting and turning, but ever on.

And so we *do* keep on, at a speed of—let me ask again.

"One hundred and seventy-five miles an hour, sir, and eighteen thousand feet high. We're almost at the top."

What are we coming to now?

Be careful, be careful! Sit tight and don't look down there. It's too horrible. No, don't look sideways either. That's just as frightening. Better close your eyes while we're getting through this nightmarish spot and say a prayer.

I've said an Our Father and my courage is reviving. I'll open my eyes again.

Ah, I discern a tiny cleft between two mountains that goes straight up and down. That indicates the east entrance to the Uspallata Pass. The pilot was steering for it all the time, for the plane is following (though of course in the reverse direction) the historic route taken by San Martin when he led his troops across the Andes to drive the Spaniards out of Chile. That was an heroic achievement but I can't pause to reflect on it now, there is so much to see.

O my God! Is this flight to end in tragedy? Can't that fellow see where he's heading? Or has he lost control? In half a minute we'll crash into that mountain and be hurled thousands of feet into that yawning abyss! Here it comes! Barely time for an Act of Contrition!

Well, I certainly slipped that time! Haven't I been flying long enough to have learned an everyday maneuver like that? We only *seemed* to be heading into the mountain. In reality we were going near it to bank and curve around the mountain on the opposite side. As soon as the plane tipped over and the whole world seemed to bow respectfully to us (it's always like that when you're banking) I saw the trick. It's the only thing you can do in these tight places. That's a lesson for me. Always trust the pilot. He's a marvel. If he weren't he would not be flying the Andes.

Whiz! How we shot by that giant! It's only when you're flying close beside a mountain that you can tell how fast you're going. And beyond the turn a cloud is lurking. I suppose we'll just shoot over it and fly on.

No, we're flying down into it! We're descending! What can that mean?

We're in the cloud now and the old familiar white mist is all around. As soon as we get out of it I'll see what's happening.

We're out of the cloud, but where are the Andes? Oh, I'm not bothering about those picayune mountains directly beneath. They're

fairly high but they're nothing at all compared with those diabolical fellows we've just been flying among. They look like little hills compared with the real Andes, and there's not much snow on them. Where are we? I'll twist around and look back.

There they are, those towering giants with their everlasting mantle of snow; and the hills beneath are getting lower and more rounded and the plane keeps going down. Is it possible that we are leaving the Andes behind us?

Yes, we're over! We've done it!! We've flown the Andes!!!

This hot coffee is mighty welcome after that flight. I'm not grumbling. I know the plane was kept as snug as it could be, but when you get the altitude we must have attained, you notice the chill.

That reminds me: I must join that group of aviators over there at the table and ask them how high we went.

Compared with my tingling excitement the calmness of these men is uncanny. They sit here chatting as placidly as though they had not just come in from picking us up, whirling us through the most stupendous mountain range on earth, and setting us down gently on the other side. And they do it again and again in the same nonchalant fashion. I suppose that's part of the job.

"What was the highest we got on that flight?"

With a modest smile the man who has just flown us over answers: "Eighteen thousand two hundred feet."

Well, that's not bad for an old fellow like me. And I never touched the oxygen, though the tube was right beside me the whole way.

And, oh yes. I must get the speed. I recall that the train takes fifteen hours to cross.

"How long did it take to fly?"

"Eighty minutes."

Oh, you needn't grin at me like that. I don't deny that I was near ducking once or twice. For instance, there were those seconds which seemed an eternity when we were darting through that ghastly spot, whatever it was (there are no words in any language I know that can describe it), and I closed my eyes and prayed. And then, too, there was that wrench on my nerves a few minutes later when I was sure we were going to crash headlong into the side of that mountain at a hundred and seventy-eight miles an hour. But if I blabbed to you what some of our fellow passengers have admitted to me privately you'd see I was by no means the only one scared. And last week I was told in Lima of a Chilean priest who on his first flight through the Andes said the Rosary three times. How many times did you say it?

But now that it's all over each of us realizes that not for one single second throughout that flight was there any reason whatever for being scared, and the joke is on us if we were. When I was fuming and fretting at the Santiago airport because they would not take a chance on a little bad weather I just didn't know what I was talking about. How could they take a chance when they are trusted implicitly with the lives of human beings, men, women and children, not to speak of the mail and the valuable cargoes they

carry? The pilots are trained to the minute, they know every inch of the way, they are receiving weather reports constantly, the planes are in perfect condition, the instruments verge on the miraculous. No, I must take back what I said when I was peevish over there in Santiago and must confess that their motto "Safety First" is the only one and is always in order. Why, consider the experience those men have. Every one of them must fly the Andes again and again, in both directions and in all kinds of weather, before he is allowed to fly passengers over. The tests are extremely severe, but they are none too severe when you reflect on the tremendous responsibility. And the flight we had is being done many times a week as part of the ordinary scheduled routine.

Then why was I frightened, if only for a few seconds? Well, because I'm no daredevil but just an average human being and consequently, though I've flown many thousands of miles in the past fifteen years, my *first* aërial attack on the Andes did provide a few tremors. But notice I said my first. I bet that the next time (and may it come soon!) I'll be as cool as a cucumber from start to fin—

Will you kindly erase that grin? Maybe you think I'm bluffing. All right, then. Listen: At the first opportunity I'll come back here to South America and fly the Andes again *and you'll come with me.*

What do you say?

THE DRAMA

By Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt

DRAMATIZING LIFE

IN Pasadena this summer, they have been presenting the whole series of Shakespeare's historical plays in chronological order. Hollywood has been flocking to see them and one of Hollywood's executives made an interesting remark. He said: "Perhaps Hollywood is closer in spirit to Elizabethan England than to any other part of the world!"

Don't laugh—there is really a great deal behind the idea.

Elizabethan life was superabundantly creative. It was creating glory and wealth and romance. We say romance instead of beauty,—which ruled the French and Italian Renaissance,—for in England they sought not so much visual beauty as beauty of the mind. The sweep of her poets' pentameter was England's equivalent to the sweep of a painter's brush. Shakespeare was her Michelangelo; Ben Jonson her Titian; Marlowe her Giorgione. To be true her fortunate sons built themselves country houses twinkling with leaded panes as escape from the somber strength of the donjon keep, but the paneled rooms were decorated with none of the masterpieces that French or Italian gentlemen demanded for daily companionship in their *châteaux* and villas. The Elizabethan was too busy living; too absorbed in his dream world of travel and books to think of houses other than as a shelter for his library and an adjunct to his stable. The Latins might have their picture galleries, but London held the Globe Theater, and since Athens there had been nothing like it.

Man is so constituted that he must have a symbol for his living—a beacon in the fog of his struggle. Such was the Ark of the Covenant to the Israelites; the Temple to Judah; the magnificent conception of the *Populus Romanus* that centered the ancient world just as Chivalry did the Middle Ages. Demos inspired Greece and when the integrity of her free cities waned so did her destiny. National ideals appeared in Europe after the Crusades. With St. Joan, France thought of herself as *France*, although, spent by the English Wars, her own Globe Theater did not develop till the seventeenth century in the royal pageantry of Versailles with the *Fleur-de-Lis* wrapped firmly around the royal person of the King. But to the English, the Globe Theater showed them England, field and garden and, treading but lightly over it as a fair shadow, the Queen.

Read Shakespeare's dramatic histories in rapid sequence and you will find the two ideas emerging which have consolidated British enthusiasm. The supremacy of England and the value of the English royalty—a value not so much dependent upon statesmanship as in being the incarnation of Britannia; the figurehead upon the royal Ship of State.

"This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror—
. . . .
"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true." (*King John.*)

It is impossible not to remark while reading Shakespeare's histories, how indifferent he is to any of the great social movements of the day: the *Magna Charta*, Lollardy, Parliamentary growth have no mention, but, although he seems to be skimming the surface of history, he is building up something of far vaster importance to his countrymen. *Mortmain* and *Præmunire* and *Quia emptores* are italics to schoolboys, but the kingship of England finds echoes in Englishmen's hearts, in deserts and jungles and great cities around the globe.

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-Paradise—"
(*King Richard II.*)

The awful repercussions of sin and injustice are shown in the doom that overtakes the offspring of Lancaster and York. Shakespeare in no way minimizes the human dross of royalty, but while heads and crowns are rolling, the throne stands firm. The office is supreme and the crown heightens the stature of even the third Richard. Bolingbroke had more tragic dignity than any common murderer as the conscience-stricken Henry IV. The Elizabethans demanded no laying of corner stones from their Prince of Wales, but Prince Hal knew what was expected of him as Henry V., and Harry of Monmouth's, "On, on you noble English" and "Once more into the breach, dear Friends, once more—" was translated into modern parlance as "We'll muddle through." In the welter of Elizabethan progress; exploration, colonization, expansion; new worlds; Spanish gold and glory; England might easily have foundered on the rocks of individual greed and class jealousies, if it had not been for that one common ideal: "This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England!"

For just such an anchorage, the Nazis and the Fascists are feverishly grappling. But Mussolini has lost the poetic help that d'Annunzio might have given him in the attempted revival of the *Populus Romanus* and the Nazis are floundering about in the prehistoric haze of pagan Teutonic rites without another Wagner to guide them. Herr Hitler has been twice to Oberammergau and he knows how completely life can become dramatized. There in Bavaria, they have done it in terms of eternity. The whole focus of everyone's life in that small community is the Passion Play. It remains so even to such men as Professor Anton Lang now teaching at one of our universities.

Here, Jefferson's panegyric to Liberty steered the colonies through years of miserable defeat and, sounding again in the next century, brightened an industrial war with the idealistic purpose of No Slavery. Home was the next lodestar of the American. There is a great deal of pathos in the thought of the mil-

lions who have landed here seeking what they had lost in the old world and trying to find it in the tenements of our cities and across the mountains and the rivers of our wilderness. That is why in our early dramas the struggle almost always involved a mortgage and thousands cried through *The Old Homestead* and *Shore Acres* while "Home, Sweet Home" and "Down on the Suwanee River" became part of the sound waves of the continent. The N.R.A. was an attempt to dramatize another Jeffersonian ideal—Equality.

It is romantically very interesting that Los Angeles should have gone to the labor of producing the Shakespeare historical sequence with their large casts, long speeches and difficult battle scenes, and it is really exciting that anyone in Hollywood should have recognized an intuitive sympathy with them. One has become used to saying "Hollywood" with something of a sneer, but there is no denying that in her studios are now assembled the picked brains of all nations. It is undoubtedly one of the world centers of creative mentality. Adventurers; poets; playwrights; novelists; artists; musicians; composers; pugilists; experts in every known experience. Pencils scratching; typewriters tapping. Ideas born—stolen—borrowed—bought—exchanged. Glory achieved over night; fame in next morning's paper; ruin possible but forgotten; gold to be wrested from apparently inexhaustible sources; the romantic vision always beckoning. The current of life runs too swiftly to bridge it with palaces. As once captains strode the quarter-deck with a glass on the lookout for islands new to man, now the uncharted coasts of science are explored and color appearing on a camera lens may mean as great a discovery as a new river once meant on a map.

Hollywood throbs with creative energy but beside the amassing of personal fortunes, what is its purpose? It has outgrown racial boundaries; its ideal must be an international one and to dramatize that ideal there is badly needed—a poet.

Becky Sharp.—We stood in an excited crowd one morning in June outside of Radio City and were among the first to enter the empty colossus of the Music Hall to see the first public showing of *Becky Sharp*. Most of the stockholders of technicolor were there. From month to month the opening had been postponed and the millions involved in the venture fluctuated on the ticker tape of the stock market. But as technicolor rose from 10 to 37, hearts rose with it and revolution of a great industry seemed near.

It had nothing to do with the main issue involved that the picture itself is what is currently known as a "flop." That was evident from the first. The pleasant drolleries of *Vanity Fair* had evaporated and a "stagy" and unsympathetic melodrama emerged. The scenes were overelaborated and heavy and each of them was a minute too long. Becky was also miscast. Thackeray's Becky had all the external qualities that appeal to the protective side of man. "Small and slight in person; pale, sandy-haired, with eyes habitually cast down; when they looked up, they were very large, odd and attractive." Miss Miriam Hopkins, however, has one of the most sophisticated faces on the screen and a hardness that may

belie a very soft heart but does not appeal for protection. She gave no inkling of that "picture of youth, unprotected innocence and humble virgin simplicity" which caught the susceptible Joseph when he took Miss Sharp first down to dinner; she "all in white with shoulders white as snow." When Miss Hopkins's Becky left Miss Pinkerton's Select Academy and flung back the dictionary that poor kind-hearted Miss Jemima had purloined for her, it was no downtrodden little orphan in a sudden burst of revolt against months of covert sneers but a thoroughly bad tempered young minx. We protest that Becky was not bad tempered. Bad temper is a weakness—a luxury perhaps—that she was far too clever to permit herself. Temper places one at the mercy of the more controlled. What has made Miss Sharp immortal is that her creator never wholly despised her. He recognized the humor of her wit and had to admire the indomitable quality that kept her little sandy head at a jaunty angle to the end. "Rebecca was fond of her husband. She was always perfectly good-humoured and kind to him," but she certainly felt none of the passion that is shown on the screen. In fact the golden-haired adventuress there shown has very little in common with the real Mrs. Rawdon Crawley who did see to it in the end that Amelia married her Dobbin and who is left presiding over Charity Bazaars in Bath on Joseph's insurance money and never missing church on Sunday. A very different curtain than that play's picture of her and Joseph, both drunk, throwing the Bible out of the window at the Crawley's. Mr. Mamoulian, the director, is not a Thackeray specialist.

As for the color, *Becky* is so far in advance of the first talking picture that technicolor stock should not decline. There is too much color now, it lacks softness and above all—shadows. By far the best effects were in half light—as in the exodus from the ball. Henry Adams pointed out that the best glass windows must have plenty of blue in them. That may be a hint for the screen; the general tone must be more carefully considered.

PLAYS PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

February, 1934

TOBACCO ROAD.—A new supply of topsoil has to be unloaded every once in awhile in 47th Street to renew the terrain of the Jeeters' ancestral shack in the mountains of Georgia. The Jeeters have also set up another homestead in Hollywood where Henry Hull has returned to his original rôle. Realism is the tragic note of the study of how some of our fellowmen still live in a condition that no self-respecting rabbit would tolerate.—*At the Forrest.*

November

THE GREAT WALTZ.—After a summer's holiday this colossal spectacle, which was seen by a million and a half people last season, will reopen, as there are still audiences left to enjoy it for the first or second time. The flowing rhythms of Strauss have vindicated their immortality.—*At the Center.*

December

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—Mr. Gilbert Miller met the weather man half way and installed an enormously expensive system of refrigeration in his theater just before the thermometer reached its peak, so that now there is every reason to suppose that Miss Gladys George will wear her flashing garments as the stranded movie queen for many weeks to come.—*At the Henry Miller.*

January, 1935

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—If the play is good enough, not even the hottest of nights can keep some audiences away. There is enough drama in this tragedy to make one oblivious of the outside world and if it touches upon a theme that should be taboo in literature, it does so with stern purpose. One comes away with the sense of the terrible consequences of judging our neighbors. It is as well written as played. —*At the Maxine Elliott.*

ANYTHING GOES! — Holding its own as the one musical survivor of the winter, this satiric version of the life about us: gunmen, Buchmanites, débutantes, financiers, offers much amusement with the clowning of Victor Moore and William Gaxton and some also very rough humor. Ethel Merman has now left the cast for the coast.—*At the Alvin.*

February

THE OLD MAID.—Signor Pirandello, it is said, was much interested by the Pulitzer Prize winner and regretted that he could not have seen Miss Judith Anderson in his own play *As You Desire Me,* which it is rumored may be revived. This successful version of the Edith Wharton novel, with its beautiful settings and costumes by Stewart Chaney, will go on tour when it finally takes leave of New York where it turned away three hundred people at one summer matinée.—*At the Empire.*

March

THREE MEN ON A HORSE. — Already successfully playing in Chicago, another version of the Cecil Holm-Abbott farce is soon to be seen in London. There is question whether it will be translated into the Cockney from its extremely American racing vernacular, but we regret the fact that London will not see William Lynn in his appealing impersonation of Erwin who writes verses for greeting cards and has a hunch for winning horses —but only when he is bus riding. The humor is not immoral at any time but neither is it elegant.—*At the Playhouse.*

The Ball and the Cross

The Ball and the Cross is one of the symbols of Christianity. It signifies, as is obvious, The World and the Faith. It is our intention to publish in this department usually two or three short articles, which may appropriately be grouped under the caption chosen.

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CRAFTSMANSHIP

THROUGHOUT the history of civilization man has possessed more than he needed of most things —except leisure. Countless have been the lives warped and cramped for lack of time to study or practice some desired art or craft. Possibly gifted musicians, painters and writers have been lost to the world largely on account of this lack of time in which to discover and bring to fruition some heaven-sent gift.

To-day America leads the way to a field of vast opportunities. Many envious eyes are cast upon the land that has first realized the value of leisure and intrusted that treasure to her sons.

Many, in considering its use will feel their fingers instinctively bend and will mentally grasp a tool! Those who in school-days delighted in the use of pencil or chisel will find modeling and even sculpture beckoning. If the craftsmanship is to be worthy, the ideal must be clear.

Looking back across the ages and making a rapid survey of craftsmen of other days, the true spirit of craftsmanship — that spirit which gave the world Giotto, Botticelli, Raphael and Michelangelo and which has ever inspired the noblest art work—is abundantly evident. Such a hark-back need not involve regretful lingering over the past or retard progress.

Yet the torch lighted ages ago by the shepherd lad on the hills of northern Italy, when young Giotto drew his sheep faithfully on the slate of the bare hillside where they wandered, still gleams forth; and guided by its light the artist may safely press on to the light of a yet brighter future, which in moments of inspiration he visualizes.

What was it that gave to the medieval world that galaxy of artists and craftsmen—what underlay the inspired beauty and purity of their work and inflamed the zeal that made possible a huge output of work that has lived and will live till "earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried"?

Whatever it was still lives. For in all lands, now and again spring up inspired architects, painters and

sculptors. But we are forced in honesty to confess that these are now fewer.

It will be generally admitted that the world's finest art has been inspired by religion. The same motive exists to-day. From many a monastery comes forth beautiful work. But in medieval times the special fitness of monastic work for churches was always recognized. Metal work specially was practiced by monks and priests. For it was not considered seemly that secular hands should make the sacred vessels for the altar.

Many of the religious crafts are now in secular hands, as for instance stained glass window making. Though, in England in a little Suffolk township called Woodbridge, fine glass windows for churches are designed and executed entirely by Carmelite nuns as they pray in silence. What is arresting to-day as rare, was once general.

There are authentic records of fine art work done by monks as early as about the year 950. We read of one *"frater Gozbertus"* as sculpturing figures on a font; and of many goldsmiths and silversmiths, bell-founders and painters.

In the tenth century we read of Abbot Brithnoth making four statues of Our Lady, two for either side of the altar. These were covered with gold, silver and precious stones. (They were, alas, stolen at the time of William the Conqueror's coronation.) It is likely that the humility of some monk concealed the fact that the work was his rather than his abbot's. For the silver crucifix made at the same time has been discovered to have been the work of Leo, a monk of Ely.

Aribertus de Paxiliana, a monk of Milan in the twelfth century, is said to have made the sedilia in the Church of St. Ambrose. Another twelfth century goldsmith monk delighted in his work of elaborate candlesticks at Zwifalt.

Romuald was a famous metalworker of special interest in that he was a slave. His art saved him body and soul. For it is written that so impressed was Ebbo, Archbishop of Reims by his work that he pleaded for his liberty to Louis le Débonnaire. He gave as his reason "that his talent might be given to the service of God for the rest of his life." The manuscript is silent as to whether Romuald actually became a monk. One likes to believe that he did.

The famous Benedictine Monastery of Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk, gave us two fine artists. There was Hugo in the middle of the twelfth century. He flourished in Abbot Anselm's days (1121-1148). Then the famous double doors of the Abbey Church were being modeled by Hugo. These are described in the manuscript as "a marvelous piece of workmanship." He it was, too, who "incomparably carved" the choir cross and statues of Our Lady and St. John. It is interesting to note that he was called *"Master* Hugo," showing that he retained his title as master craftsman after he became a monk.

The other Bury artist was John Wodecroft, who painted the choir. He was honored by being termed "painter to Edward I."

It is rare to find a monk gifted as both artist and chronicler; more rare, perhaps to find one of so great simplicity as that unknown monk of Senones in the Vosges who lived in the middle of the twelfth century and wrote thus:

"And here *I* carved with my own hand an effigy of the abbot, recumbent and holding the pastoral staff in his hand."

The story of the young monk Valerius has a special appeal. It was a windy day. The holy abbot scanned the half finished Abbey, the work of his monks, under his direction, with anxiety. He feared for certain parts of the building (presumably of the interior) for the lack of glass in a certain window. This window was very high up in the building.

"I will make Valerius, who climbeth well and hath great skill in glass-window work, put in glass forthwith!" he said with decision.

Great was his wrath when the young Valerius demurred on account of the danger, the wind being unusually high. The order being sternly repeated, the monk overcome with fear, stoutly refused. A few moments reflection brought him to his senses. He climbed and set to work. Missing his foothold he fell from a great height to the pavement below. That he escaped serious injury the monks attributed to his repentance and obedience.

It is helpful to note such struggles to live up to ideals on the part of religious craftsmen.

Perhaps the perfection of the spirit of true craftsmanship is shown most clearly in that story of the Benedictine monk whose life was spent in painting beautiful crucifixions above many altars of his Order.

The manuscript tells "how dear to" Christ "was this holy craftsman's labor," and adds that as a reward He took him to heaven "one Good Friday, on the very day on which His Passion is specially set before us."

The Chronicler makes a delightful reflection thus: "As though the Lord should say: 'Because thou hast laboured devotedly both with mind and body concerning My Passion, behold! I take thee to My rest from all thy toil on the day of My Passion, on which thou shalt behold Me no longer in meditation . . . through pictures, but in My presence face to face.'"

In those days monks were allowed to carry their work to great perfection.

Abbot Hugh, who reigned from 1339 to 1349 ordered one of his monks to make a new and beautiful crucifix for the lay brothers' choir. The monk was allowed a life-model. He also obtained permission to fast on bread and water every Friday and on that day he did the principal features of the crucifix. One is not surprised to read that this was a masterpiece and the manuscript speaks of many miracles being worked through its agency. Nor does one gather that such work was rare.

As some beautiful work for the glory of God has been done, it is believed, by artists "on their knees" (whether literally or metaphorically matters little) so fasting as a means was understood.

We have fine examples, again, of the practice of obedience and courage by those engaged in ecclesiastical work.

Among very early craftsmen must be remembered St. Dega Mac Cayrill, who in the latter part of the sixth century worked in the monastery of St. Congell till he died at the age of a hundred-and-forty-seven years. He was an indefatigable craftsman, working in iron and bronze. He was also fortunately a famous scribe. Among his works

we read of three hundred bells and three hundred pastoral staffs.

It is probable that there were other such craftsmen at that time. The scarcity of records leave us few facts.

There were famous early workshops at Cluny and St. Gall. The monk Placidius did magnificent iron work, some of which may still be seen.

A famous instance of the simple undaunted faith that characterized the earliest Christian craftsmen is told of St. Benedict. There was heavy building work to be done at one of his monasteries. There was a delay. On inquiry the Saint was ruefully shown an enormous bowlder that must be moved before further progress could be made.

"Lift it! All together, my sons!" he cried. But not an inch could the strong sons of the Saint move it.

St. Benedict fathomed the mystery. "It is the devil that sitteth thereon!" he said. Whereupon he proceeded to pronounce exorcisms; after which the stone was easily moved and the work carried on in peace.

An early story of almost unparalleled beauty is that of the famous Tuotilo, the artist of St. Gall, whose best work was done between 890 and 920. This was called "the golden age" of the monastery. So gifted was this monk and so varied were his gifts that we hear of him as musician; carver; painter; builder; linguist; poet; and withal a Saint!

While Tuotilo was making a model for a metal statue of Our Lady at Metz, two pilgrims stopped to watch him. They also asked an alms. Quietly and secretly he gave to them.

As they went on their way they inquired of a cleric standing near: "Who is the beautiful lady who hands him his tools and teaches him just what he must do?" The cleric was puzzled. He saw no lady. Presently his eyes were opened and he, too, saw for a second what the pilgrims had described. Marveling, he cried: "Blessed art thou having so great a Lady to teach thee!"

Tuotilo feigned surprise. But he desired silence on the matter. When the miracle spread abroad he left Metz.

On a gold plate was afterwards inscribed on the Statue: "This was carved by Our Lady Herself!"

Actual architecture and building of to-day is rarely in the hands of religious, though Buckfast Abbey, in Devon, England, which was recently completed, is an outstanding example of a fine building achieved by the devoted work of some four or five lay brothers under the direction of a skilled architect. No outside labor was employed on the actual masonry, though sculpture, glazing and some of the stone dressing was done by ordinary workmen.

It was marvelously interesting to see the work gradually grow from month to month and to watch the indefatigable, strenuous work of these Benedictine brothers, inspired throughout by the zeal of their Abbot.

But in medieval times architecture and building was frequently the work of monks and religious.

Late in the eleventh century St. Gerald founded the Monastery of La Sauve Mayeure, in Bordeaux. He chose a site in the very middle of a dense forest where he found a small chapel built of mud. He began the work of building with his own hands.

St. Columban undertook a similar task at Bobbio. And the Cistercian monks built their abbey at Meaux, near Beverley in 1150, when they came from Fountains. The Chronicler writes of them as "eating their bread in the sweat of their faces" and tells of the surprise of the rustics who saw them engaged sometimes in choir and again at "rude tasks."

There were many monastic builders. Outstanding among these was Alan of Walsingham, that artist who sprang from a family of artists. For it is believed that he was one of the Ely goldsmiths, hereditary craftsmen. Alan was himself a skillful goldsmith, though he owes his renown rather to his work as architect. As to his building powers existing records are vague. But he was certainly closely connected with much of the fine work at Ely Cathedral.

In 1321, as sacrist, he came to Ely. Only seven weeks had he been installed when he was faced with catastrophe. The central tower of the church collapsed and four of the choir bays. One can imagine how distraught was the new sacrist! The Chronicler describes him as "not knowing whither to turn himself or what to do." The *Rolls* show how he set to work forthwith and the steady progress of twenty years.

Much work is ascribed to Alan himself. For instance, the design of the Lantern; the arrangement of the great search that led to the building of secure foundations; the building of parts of the Infirmary and of the Sacristy. But there is no absolute certainty as to much of this. Some monks, too, evidently held Alan of Walsingham responsible principally, if not solely, for the building of the Octagon. However this may be Alan holds his place to-day among famous monastic artists.

It is abundantly clear as we revel in the pages in the old chroniclers that the spirit that inspired fine work was ever the same. It was done quietly and faithfully for the greater glory of God and for His pure love.

In pagan days even there was a wistful reaching forward to some such ideal. Every craftsman likes to remember that sculptor who, when spending hours upon the top of the head of his huge figure which would never again be seen, said, when people remonstrated with him: "But the *gods* will see!"

Was the spirit underlying true art and craftsmanship ever better portrayed than by Fra Angelico, the Dominican monk and artist of San Marco in Florence, when he said:

"He who maketh the things of Christ
Must ever with Him abide"?

And what Christian craftsman who has done noble work has not, according to his light, endeavored to work with the remembrance of the world's greatest workshop ever before him, and in the belief that his hand, in so far as it works faithfully, is guided from moment to moment by that blessed hand which deigned for years on earth daily to grasp a chisel in Nazareth?

CAROL COWARD.

Nova et Vetera

Verbal Taboos

With degeneration in language is often associated the widespread tendency to avoid the direct word by employing a pleasant, neutral, or even meaningless substitute, which is described as its "euphemism" (from Greek words meaning "well" and "speak"). Peoples of all times and places have apparently felt that to pronounce certain holy or ominous words is to tempt Providence. On the other hand, the god, demon or monster that is feared may be propitiated, if not by silence, at any rate by circumlocution or by deliberately misapplied compliment. Thus the Greeks called the Furies the *Eumenides* (literally, the "well-minded" ones); the Irish peasantry prefer to avoid the term *fairies* and to employ instead *gentry, little people,* or *good people;* and many primitive races have had elaborate verbal taboos that prevent the direct naming of animals that are feared and persons that are either venerated or despised.

Most striking, perhaps, of such reticences and equivocations (in language after language) are the euphemisms for ideas associated with death. Instead of the verb *die,* we substitute *pass away* or *on, breathe one's last, expire, depart this life, be taken* or *called, go to a better world,* or *go west* (the favorite euphemism in the World War, curiously parallel to the Greek conception of the *Hesperides,* or Western Isles, the abode of the dead). The *dead* person is often alluded to as the *lost,* or the *deceased, departed, defunct,* or the like. Sometimes refuge is taken in slang phrases that coarsely and jocosely veil the idea of the verb; *kick the bucket, push up the daisies,* and *pass in one's checks.* Likewise, death itself is more obscurely alluded to by generalized terms like *end, passing, departure,* and *dissolution.* Again, *kill* is avoided in favor of *settle, do for, remove, destroy,* or (in lower strata of speech) *knock off, bump off, take for a ride, put on the spot,* or the like. The superstitious origin of these euphemisms seems clearly evident in the fact that many speakers simply cannot allude to an imminent death by saying, "If he should die . . . " It is as though to pronounce the word would bring about the dreaded possibility and lay the blame at the speaker's door. Instead of "If he should die," they say "If he shouldn't recover," "If he shouldn't come back," or—vaguest of all in the words themselves, but nevertheless perfectly clear in the meaning intended—"If anything should happen to him."

One means of veiling and obscuring the distressing truth is to employ a term that is not immediately intelligible, one that requires, in fact, something like translation. In place of plain words, therefore, we frequently have elaborate—usually borrowed rather than native—synonyms for ideas linked to death and disaster. *Casualty, suicide, mortality, obituary, accident* and *fatality* have clearly originated in this way. *Cemetery* was once itself a euphemism (literally, "sleeping place"),

but it has come to be felt as too direct in its implication of "burial ground"; hence we have *memorial park*, or occasionally *necropolis*—"city of the dead," to be sure, but decently veiled in the Greek equivalents. *Undertaker* was apparently a euphemistic shortening of *funeral undertaker*, but it came to mean what it undertook to conceal; hence *funeral director* was evolved, and more recently *mortician*. The last of course is distinctly American, for this kind of squeamishness (combined, perhaps, with a greater love of the pompous) has gone farther here than in England. So too are *casket* for *coffin*, and *funeral car* for *hearse* distinctively American euphemisms, as are also such elegancies as *mortuary chapel* and *funeral parlors*.

Not that euphemism is always to be ridiculed: it may well be maintained that on some occasions to soften the brutal reality is the part of taste and tact. But the effect of the process is obviously to weaken the force of the euphemistic substitute, and often to lead in turn, as has already been indicated, to the degeneration of that word.

—From *The Development of Modern English*. By STUART ROBERTSON (New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc.).

THE FRIENDSHIP OF CHRIST

WHAT do I mean by a friend? I mean something that is almost too much to be looked for in this world. I mean one whose nature is so large that it will understand and sympathise with all my myriad varied moods. I mean a man who, when he finds me mean and grovelling, will not despise me; when he sees me harsh and critical, will not condemn my hardness of heart; when I am cruel in judgment, or in word, or in action, will bear with me till I recover my senses; when I am proud, or vain, high-handed, or inflated with myself, will smile and endure knowing that this is only a passing whim; when I am ill-tempered, or peevish, or melancholy, will pity me and wait till the disease has run its course, and the colour of health has returned.

I mean by a friend one who will give as well as take. I mean one who, when he in turn is in trouble, will not hide it from me. I mean one who will not give me the everlasting feeling that the weakness is all mine, while he is in possession of unending peace and calm. I mean one who will trust me far enough to let me see his weakness as I let him see mine, knowing that I too will not misunderstand, or misinterpret, or become impatient, or condemn, or turn upon my heel and walk no more with him, even as I know he will not do the like to me. This is the other side of friendship harder to discover than the first; yet if one would be my friend, in the deep sense in which I understand it, he must give me this as I give the same to him; he must trust me thus far, even as I trust him; if he is only my patron, my protector, my guide, my model, my ideal, he may be very much to be loved and honoured, but he is not strictly my friend.

I mean by a friend one with whom there are no differences. Whatever be our respective gifts of nature and of grace, it must be all the same between him and me. If he thinks me clever, or learned, or strong, or even holy, he will neither bow before me, nor treat me as a being of another grade; though I may know him to have rank, or

wealth, or athletic skill, or wit, these things, when I think of him, will scarcely enter my mind. We take each other for granted, without suspicion, without reserve, without doubt; the rest are mere appendages, belonging to one as much as to the other, affecting so little our equality that we never give them a thought. Such is what I mean by a friend; so perfect a union is friendship. But where . . . is all this to be found, united in any one human being? Where indeed!

Insist on the last drop of blood, and you will find it nowhere; nowhere except in One. There is no human friendship but it can be snapped, none but it can be tried beyond its strength. In One only is it invincible. One mind alone understands, better far than I understand myself, and has understood from the beginning, without any need of words of mine to tell it. One heart has bled, first from Its own crushing, but more because of the crushing of my heart, and bleeds on still, the more when my own has ceased to do so. One soul has made Itself in all things like to mine, has shown me all It has and all It is, Its strength and Its seeming weakness, Its gladness and Its broken part, Its temptations, Its indignations, Its tears, Its appeals for help, Its cries of pain, and distress, and desolation. One will alone has refused to set limits alike to Its giving and to Its receiving, has asked for no terms, has made no stipulations, has found me as I am, and has become one with me, my good and my evil, my weakness and my strength, without a word, without a thought of what It set aside for my sake. One alone has not only borne my sorrows and carried my griefs, but has shown me His own, has "become sin" for me, has made Himself one with me and taken all the consequences; and yet withal, remains unexhausted. There is still no cry that He has given enough, that He can descend no lower, that He declines to show me, even me, every side of His nature.

Then have I not reason to be contented? I show Him all my failures and my troubles, knowing that He does not merely listen, and pity, and patronise, but gives me of His own, and lets me see His wounds and His weakness in return. I bring Him all my strength, my little doughty deeds of which I am so childishly proud, and I know He does not make too much of my vainglory, much less does He make too much of me. Instead, He rejoices with me when I rejoice, weeps with me when I weep, but then, and most of all, swallows up my rejoicing and weeping in His own. Yes, even on earth, I have found a perfect friend.

—From *The School of Love*. By Albain Goodier, S.J. (London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd.).

Two Ideals

Philosophy was to [Nietzsche] not an unusually obstinate attempt to think correctly, but an adventure of the soul. He did his thinking from the artist's point of view, from the ground of mere feeling. It was absolutely necessary to him to attain an exciting, picturesque view of the world; and the very idea that anybody might pull him up and say, "Yes, yes, but is it *true*?" made him lash out furiously in anticipation. The respect for truth for its own sake he dubbed a sort of survival of Mumbo-Jumbo worship. And if you defended the instinct to

respect truth on the plea that after all to know it is the condition of walking sure-footedly in this world, he flew at you on moral grounds. "What! you want to walk sure-footedly, do you, you miserable, life-diminishing mediocrity? Don't you understand that tight-rope dancing is the emblem of the noble life, and that you must live from moment to moment *dangerously* to be worth anything? . . . "

But even more than the humdrum common-sensible man Nietzsche hated the saint, and it is easy to see how he came to do so. The saint is a man who gets along marvellously without feeling himself superior to the universe. The spectacle of a man who accepts destiny, and the tasks it imposes on him—even his own weakness—in a spirit of unshakable acquiescence, was a challenge to Nietzsche's whole philosophy. The saint can't be frightened either into personal cowardice or into a state of blazing egotistic valour; that kind of superb hurrahing anger seems to him a small cramped feeling compared with that which can be attained by going out to meet life and opening your arms to humanity. Now if there really was anything in the saint's way of taking life, Nietzsche's philosophy was scuttled. He had to explain the saint away—and he did it very cleverly.

He declared that the saint lived by a sour-grapes philosophy, invented by the particularly feeble and unpleasant and timorous, in order to get even in the long run with the bold, the handsome, and the intelligent; and to persuade them to let off easily those who were too spiritless and rickety to hold their own. There are a great many "good" people whom this criticism exposes; but it does not rid Nietzsche of his real adversary.

It is all very well to assert that humility is a kind of sneaking, unlovely self-assertion, that self-forgetfulness is a quality peculiar to people whose selves are so unpleasant that they cannot contemplate them without pain, that pity is a fellow-feeling between the unfit, and that the only reason anyone turns the other cheek is that he is too puny to hit back;—it is all very well saying that kind of thing, and it makes salutary reading for many, but it does not strike at the saint. It leaves quite unexplained the spectacle of a man who, without bothering his head whether or not he is bolder, handsomer, stronger and more intelligent than other people, yet goes his way as unafraid as Nietzsche himself,—and seems into the bargain a much happier man,—which is a good *symptom*, at any rate, a kind of guarantee of reserve force somewhere. Nietzsche, like Carlyle, was a tremendous æsthete who mistook himself for a profound moralist. He precipitated himself on certain kinds of beauty in human nature and in the history of man, and became infatuated, not only with them, but with the conditions which made them conspicuous; though these were not admirable at all. The bonfire of beautiful, flaring pitiless courage at which he invited poor shivering humanity to warm their hands blazes best in a world which is as poisonous, tangled and dank as a tropical forest. But the advantage the saint has over Nietzsche's heroes is that while being quite as little terrified in such a forest, he is fitted also for a much better country. He does not "shine only in the dark." He is just as free from inner restraints as those grasp-

ers and dominators, who have fascinated men by exhibiting the energy which springs from will and conscience pulling together.

The antagonism between the saintly and the warrior ideal is written all over literature, and in some mild form it takes place in everybody's private history. And at certain periods a whole generation will incline to one or other of them. The Germans, we are told, have for years past been fascinated by the ideal of a nation under arms, looking only for qualities in their leaders before which it is possible to grovel. Personally, I doubt the diagnosis; but if it is more or less true, it is conceivable that Nietzsche's writings may have contributed to encouraging in them an upward-gazing admiration for beaked and clawed humanity. But he is much too critical to be acceptable to more or less beaked and taloned personages themselves. He had not an ounce of exclusive patriotism in him. It was the idea of the aggrandisement of individuals not of nations that appealed to him, and it was to a race of "good Europeans" that he looked forward. True, they were rather Prussian those "good Europeans" — more Prussian than he imagined — a s p i k e d helmet would have become their cast of countenance; but he did not believe they were particularly thick on the ground in Central Europe. This is how he wrote of his countrymen: "When the Germans began to become interesting to the other nations of Europe—it is not too long ago—it took place owing to a culture which they now no longer possess, which in fact, they have shaken off with passionate eagerness, as if it had been a disease; and yet they have known of nothing better to exchange for it than political and national insanity."

—From *Experience*. By DESMOND MACCARTHY (New York: Oxford University Press).

Foreign Periodicals

Abyssinia

The Emperor of Abyssinia is very much in the position of a feudal king who could never be sure of his barons. Even in the capital his writ does not always run. Addis Ababa is an African hut village attempting to rank as an up-to-date modern city: it has a palace (a building like a Cairo merchant's villa, in the middle of a large and untidy compound), a bank, a post office, a vile and most expensive hotel, and other modern amenities, including admirably metalled roads that lead out of the town for a few hundred yards and then suddenly stop dead without so much as a footpath to continue them. The bank and the post office illustrate some of the Emperor's difficulties. He has issued an extremely handsome silver coinage; the pieces are beautifully minted, with the Emperor's head on one side and the Lion of Judah on the other (he claims descent from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba). There is nothing wrong with them as coins, and they are worth their weight in silver. Only nobody uses them. The only coinage recognized throughout Abyssinia is the Maria Theresa thaler of 1780, which they still mint from the original dies; even starving beggars will refuse any other. And the only means they use to test its genuineness is the number of pearls in Maria Theresa's necklace.

The post office runs a telegraph wire between the palace and Djibouti. The Emperor is very proud of this, and was particularly anxious at the time of his coronation that the representatives of foreign countries should be impressed with its efficiency. Unfortunately his subjects are in the habit of cutting down the wire to make themselves copper bangles, and communications are often interrupted. He was determined that on that occasion at least his visitors should suffer no such annoyance. But his orders had no appreciable effect as a deterrent, and during the whole time that foreign correspondents were wanting to use it, the telegraph was never working for more than two or three hours a day.

Nor is the single-track railway to Djibouti, built by the French at enormous cost of human life, much of an advertisement for the modernity of the country. The train runs once or twice a week, and the journey between Addis and the coast must be one of the slowest in the world . . . frequently you have to wait while the line is mended, for the natives find that they can make excellent spearheads from the rails, and a spare supply of these has to be carried on the train.

They are a warlike people, though their military organization is rather primitive. The Emperor's European-trained guard, a force of about two thousand, is well drilled and equipped, and has something of the appearance of a regular army, or at least of the Officers' Training Corps of an English public school—without boots—but the rest of his armed forces are distinctly irregular. Yet every able-bodied Abyssinian goes

armed, and gun-running is a profitable trade.

The reason for this is partly that they have always had to defend themselves against invaders, and in particular to resist the danger to their faith from Mahometanism. Their Christianity is a debased kind of Nestorianism, but they are extremely tenacious of it and have fought for it with the highest courage. They are all baptized, and a curious feature of their religion is that one man in every three is in minor orders. Yet the practical effect on their lives is slight; they treat their churches with great veneration but seldom enter them, and though they have Mass it is not frequented. The churches are all built on the same plan, with two concentric ambulatories surrounding an octagonal sanctuary, a kind of Holy of Holies shut off by curtains, in which the divine mysteries are celebrated while a complicated religious dance is executed outside it by the deacons.

Their attitude to marriage is singularly lax, although in theory they are strictly monogamous. The average age at which they marry is about seventy; until then it is customary for a man to live in unrestricted concubinage, but when he begins to think of composing himself for death he will take a wife and bring her to the church to be married.

There is a primitive simplicity about their legal system; lawyers are unknown, and every man pleads his own case before a single magistrate in open court; sentences are executed immediately, and flogging or mutilation is a more common form of punishment than imprisonment or a fine. . . .

Missionaries are not encouraged in Abyssinia, unless the missions they run are medical ones. There are a few missions, both Catholic and Protestant, but the number of their adherents is at present negligible, and with so singular and conservative a people they do not seem likely to make much headway, although the gallant work of the Capuchins who manage the leper settlement at Harar excites the admiration of all races and creeds.

—Evelyn Waugh, in *The Beda Review* (Rome), June.

The Submergence of the Individual

In totalitarian States the party is militarized. Either it dominates the army, or the army allies itself with the prevailing power and the two armed forces co-operate or amalgamate. The youth of the country is militarized, from both the moral and disciplinary standpoint; collective life is felt to be military life; dreams of *revanche* or of empire, conflicts at home and abroad, penetrate the whole social structure. In Italy children of six are enrolled as Sons of the She-Wolf, to become Balilla, Young Italians, militiamen, and so on, till they are fifty-four. The party is a militia. Schoolmasters have military rank and wear military uniform. Training in the use of arms extends over the whole of life; the gun becomes a constant companion; military parades, camp-training, and manœuvres occupy a good part of the activity of both youths and adults. Germany to-day is armed to the teeth, not only so as to assert her parity *de jure* and *de facto* with other nations, but by a morbid and mystical exaltation of force and of

the destiny of the Nordic Teutonic race. Every German is a soldier. Russia identifies the task of defending the State with that of defending the revolution and bolshevist ideology, and of spreading it through the world. Communism is the word of salvation for Russia, just as Fascism is for the Italians, and National Socialism for the Germans—a word of salvation to be spread by propaganda and by force.

To this end it is necessary that State education should become a rigorous monopoly. For over a century and even to-day the monopoly of education has been of the first importance for the national State. Napoleon was the first to organize education, from the university down to the primary school, for the benefit of the State, and to make the State its direct end. Nevertheless, the attempt has nearly always been made to combine educational monopoly with freedom of thought, even in respect of politics. As a rule the struggle was openly or secretly against the Church, and the Church fought for the complete freedom of the school.

The totalitarian State is obliged by its very nature to go beyond the limits that have hitherto been respected. All must have faith in the new State and learn to love it. Not a single contrary idea, not a single dissentient voice can be permitted. From the elementary schools up to the universities, conformity of feeling is not enough; there must be an absolute intellectual and moral surrender, a trusting enthusiasm, a religious mysticism where the new State is concerned. Communism, Fascism, Nazism have become religions.

To create such a mentality, the school is not enough; a whole mental environment must be created. Hence the official textbook, the State-inspired and standardized newspaper, the cinema, the wireless, sport, school societies, the grant of prizes are not only controlled but directed towards an end, the worship of the totalitarian State, whether its banner be the nation or the race or the class. In order to provoke public assent, to excite this collective spirit of exaltation, the whole of social life is continually mobilized in parades, festivals, pageants, plebiscites, sporting events, such as to capture the mind, the imagination, the feeling of the populace.

The worship of the State, or of the class or race, would be something too vague in itself. It needs the Man, the hero, the demi-god. Lenin to-day has one of the largest of mausoleums, and has become for the Russians their lay Mahomet. Mussolini and Hitler are still alive, and are protected by a host of police and bodyguards. They act and speak so as to strike the feelings of the crowd. Their persons are sacred, their words the words of prophets. Hitler passes processionally between two dense columns, who march at a distance, so that his person emerges alone. He walks as though in a trance, his eyes raised to heaven, his hands spread out on either side like those of a redeemer. Mussolini has invented what is almost a magic rite. His appearance is preluded by invocation from the crowd, that goes on and on—*Duce! Duce! Duce!* . . . at first slow and soft, growing louder and louder, faster and faster, till it reaches frenzy, then sinking again to a murmur, and again rising, a rhythmic roar . . . *Duce! Duce! Duce! Duce!* . . . till, thus in-

voked, he appears, amid a thunder of applause.

Such a system demands on the one hand a vast expenditure of money, luxury finance, and on the other necessitates an ever harsher and more strictly controlled economic policy. Just as all moral energies must serve the power of the State, so must the forces of economy. Democratic States have held a middle course. On the one hand they have sought to strengthen national industries by tariffs, and on the other to leave private initiative full freedom. The totalitarian State either forces private capital to submit to it, as in Germany, or enters into a close alliance with it in order to maintain a political equilibrium between the classes, as in Italy, or else the State itself turns capitalist, as in Russia. It is impossible for the totalitarian State to allow economic freedom to either capitalists or workers. There is no room for free trade-unions or free employers' associations. Instead there are State syndicates or corporations, with no freedom of action, controlled and organized within the State and for the State. Hence a controlled economy, which is the first stage in a radical transformation of the economic system. . . .

The incompatibility between Christianity and the totalitarian State is plain from the historical premises of the conception of the State, which has always tended towards a social and political monism, at the expense of human personality and the laws of the spirit. It is still plainer in the logical premises of *totalitarismo*, which expresses this tendency as the mystical exaltation of a superhuman principle; the absolutism of a class, or of the nation, or of the race. This leads to a perversion of Christian civilization, for it does away with the morality that is the foundation of relationships of justice, private and public, domestic and international; it provides instead the principle of the State as intrinsic source of ethics, and expression and end of the nation or class or race. Single individuals, no longer either subjects or citizens, but followers, units in a rigid collectivity, are held to act morally if their action conforms to the ends of the State. Individuality is lost in the collectivity, and the collectivity finds itself only in the State.

Every code of ethics demands a religion. Subjectivist ethics turn the "I" into a divinity. Naturalistic ethics may go so far as to deify the totem and lead to the development of magic. State ethics make a divinity of the State or of the ideas that appear as hypostatized in the State, like the race or the nation. Christian ethics alone affirm and make us sharers in the divinity of Christ. From Machiavelli and Luther onwards, the State has steadily followed the path that leads to its becoming a divinity. The totalitarian State is the clearest and most explicit present form of the pantheistic State.

—Luigi Sturzo (Translated by Barbara Barclay Carter), in *The Dublin Review* (London), July.

The Catholic Novelist and His Themes

If the supra-human side of man be a legitimate subject of fiction what of the infra-human, the animal side? Here we touch upon a problem which has exercised, and still exercises, not only the critic

but the moralist, the Seelsorger—the problem of the flesh in the Catholic novel. Certainly the animal side of man, its activities and its effects in human life, constitute an element of reality. In particular, man's sexual life is a fact that must be reckoned with, an all but universal fact. May the Catholic novelist deal with it, and, if so, in what spirit and in what degree? We must admit in principle that there is no ground on which the Catholic novelist may not venture provided it be ground accessible to literature. The question then becomes: What ground *is* accessible to literature?

It must be remembered that literature is not science and only science has the right of access everywhere because its aim is the search for, and knowledge of, truth. And science of its nature is reserved to a relatively small number of experts, of qualified researchers. Physiology, medicine, psychology, moral science, rightly deal with sex in all its details and ramifications. But literature in the sense of belles-lettres is the work of the imagination; it is not primarily a discovery or an exposition of facts; the novelist as such is without authority in matters of science. Details known only to the expert and the specialist are thus outside his sphere.

Moreover, literature comes under the *moral* law because, of its nature, it is powerful to do good or evil, more powerful to do evil because of man's nature. Besides, literature takes the form of the book intended for, and available to, not only the specialist but all and sundry. . . . Much depends, in the first place, on the personality of the novelist. This, indeed, is the core of M. Mauriac's own solution of the problem —"Toute la question se ramène pour moi à ceci, *purifier la source.*" The purity of a man's work, he thinks, depends upon the purity of his life, which is a far more important thing. The purity, the probity of a writer's own life will in fact determine his attitude towards moral evil. If it be a probity, a purity based on Christian principle, it will rule out all *connivance* with the evil, all complacency in it. There will be no danger that, as so many modern pagans do, he will call good evil and evil good. And yet all danger is not removed. Must we not say that the vivid and artistic presentation of certain forms of evil with the minute and intimate familiarity with it which such a presentation implies, constitutes both for writer and reader an immediate moral danger which no literary merit can outweigh. . . .

Perhaps we may say with Jacques Maritain that evil may be depicted if that is done with high seriousness and in a Christian spirit, free from all connivance or complicity, and done, not in the tone of the preacher, still less in the spirit of the Pharisee, for of his erring fellow-mortal every man must say, "There go I but for the grace of God." At the same time moral evil is for the Christian writer not merely a social disease, a personal weakness or error; it is *sin* and must be recognized as such.

It remains that sex plays, in human life, a part that cannot be ignored, though not an all-important part as the Freudians would have us believe.

—Stephen J. Brown, S.J., in *The Irish Monthly* (Dublin), July.

Recent Events

Rector of Catholic University Made Bishop of Omaha

Early in August announcement was made that the Most Rev. James H. Ryan, S.T.D., rector of the Catholic University of America, had been named Bishop of Omaha, Nebr., filling the vacancy created when the Most Rev. Joseph F. Rummel, D.D., Bishop of that See, was elevated to the Archbishopric of New Orleans last March. The Diocese of Omaha comprises over 14,000 square miles in the northeastern section of Nebraska.

Bishop Ryan has been rector of the University for the past seven years; he was formally installed on November 14, 1928, after having been on the teaching staff of the University in the school of philosophy since 1922. He was consecrated Titular Bishop of Modra on October 25, 1933. Bishop Ryan was one of the founders of the American Catholic Philosophical Association, editor of *The New Scholasticism*, and a member of the staff of *Speculum*, the organ of the Medieval Academy of America.

Three New American Bishops

The large diocese of Newark, N. J., presided over by the Most Rev. Thomas J. Walsh, D.D., was in need of an auxiliary, and the scholarly Vicar General of the diocese, the Right Rev. Thomas H. McLaughlin, S.T.D., was elevated to the post at the end of July. He was consecrated Titular Bishop of Nisa, by Bishop Walsh assisted by the Most Rev. Joseph H. Schlarman, D.D., Bishop of Peoria, Ill., and the Most Rev. John A. Duffy, D.D., Bishop of Syracuse, N. Y., in the Cathedral of the Sacred Heart, Newark. The new Bishop was born in New York but was ordained for the Diocese of Newark twenty-five years ago. Through the years he has held many distinguished offices: he was for many years first a professor and then president of Seton Hall College, and later rector of the Diocesan Seminary, which position he occupied up to his present elevation to the episcopacy, as well as being pastor of the Immaculate Conception parish in Darlington, N. J., and a diocesan consultor. Over twenty archbishops and bishops and a multitude of prelates, priests and laity filled the cathedral and the adjoining grounds for the consecration.

Due to the serious illness of the Most Rev. Andrew J. Brennan, D.D., Bishop of Richmond, Va., the Holy See has appointed a coadjutor with right of succession in the person of Msgr. Peter L. Ireton, pastor of St. Ann's Church, Baltimore, Md., for the last nine years. It is the parish in which he was born in 1882. He received all his education in the Archdiocese of Baltimore and was ordained there thirty years ago by Cardinal Gibbons. During his priestly career Bishop-elect Ireton became widely known for his work with the Holy Name Society. He is also a trustee of the Catholic Uni-

versity of America. Pope Pius XI. named him a Domestic Prelate with the title of Monsignor in 1929.

The See of Fargo, N. Dak., vacant since the death last December of its Bishop, the Most Rev. James O'Reilly, D.D., was filled in August by the appointment of Msgr. Aloysius J. Meunch, LL.D., D.S.Sc., rector of the Seminary of St. Francis de Sales, at St. Francis, Wis. This seminary is conducted by the diocesan priests of the Archdiocese of Milwaukee. It was established in 1856 and it now has a major and a minor seminary with a high school department, taking care of over three hundred students in all. Bishop-elect Muench is a native of Milwaukee and was educated at this seminary. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1913 and became president of the seminary six years ago; he is also professor of social science, and of homiletics and catechists.

Monsignor Muench becomes the third bishop of Fargo, the See having been established in 1889. It comprises the eastern half of the State of North Dakota, a large territory of nearly 35,000 square miles, with a Catholic population of less than 70,000.

Ad multos annos to these new members of the hierarchy in the United States.

Death Takes Two Paulists

During August death took two of the Paulist Fathers, the Rev. Henry E. O'Keeffe, C.S.P., and the Rev. Oliver A. Welsh, C.S.P. The latter was best known in California and the far west, the former in the eastern States. Father O'Keeffe was born sixty-eight years ago in New York where he received his early education. He was ordained in 1893 and spent most of his priestly life in parochial and missionary work in the east. A cultured scholar, he was a writer and a lecturer of distinction, and for years he was the spiritual director of the Catholic Converts' League in New York, and editor of their magazine, *The Catholic Convert*. He was a valued contributor to The Catholic World and to other periodicals, and was the author of *Thoughts and Memories* and *Sermons in Miniature for Meditation*. About nine years ago, his health having failed, Father O'Keeffe went to Morristown, N. J., and acted as chaplain for the Discalced Carmelite Nuns who had been established there shortly before, largely through his instrumentality. Here he lived in complete retirement from the world until his death which occurred, after an illness of several months, on August 3d. By his own wish he was buried within the papal inclosure of the monastery.

The Rev. Oliver A. Welsh, C.S.P., was born in San Francisco and educated in St. Mary's, the Christian Brothers' College, in that city, going thence to the Paulist House of Studies in Washington, D. C., and he was ordained in 1904. His missionary labors carried him to many different parts of the country, but most of his life was spent in the State of his birth, where his zeal and geniality made him one of the best known priests in the far west. He was chaplain at the city prison and a member of the Adult Probation Board. Within the past year Father Welsh's health failed and six months ago he was compelled to give up active work. He died at the age of fifty-six, August 10th,

and was buried from the Paulist Church, Old St. Mary's, the former Cathedral of San Francisco. This historic church is situated on the edge of the city's Chinatown. Chinese altar boys assisted at the Requiem Mass which was celebrated in the presence of the Most Rev. John J. Mitty, D.D., Archbishop of San Francisco, and about 100 priests. Mayor Rossi was one of the honorary pallbearers, and delegations from the police and fire departments attended. The eulogy was preached by the Rev. Thomas F. Burke, C.S.P., former Superior General of the Paulist Fathers.

May the souls of these two devoted priests rest in peace!

National Eucharistic Congress

Plans for the National Eucharistic Congress of the United States to be held in September have recently been announced. The Congress is scheduled to be held in Cleveland, Ohio, September 23d-26th, with His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York, acting as Papal Legate. This is the first time a Papal Legate was ever appointed for a Eucharistic Congress in this country. The Most Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D.D., Bishop of Cleveland, Promoter of National Eucharistic Congresses, is President of this, the seventh to be held in this country. The Apostolic Delegate, the Most Rev. Amleto G. Cicognani, D.D., will celebrate a Low Mass at midnight of Wednesday, the 25th, when there will be a general Holy Communion for men. On the morning of that day there is to be a Solemn Pontifical Mass celebrated in the Oriental Greek Rite. The center of all functions except the solemn closing will be the Cleveland Public Auditorium; the procession at the close of the Congress will go from this Auditorium to the Cleveland Stadium on Lake Erie, which accommodates nearly 200,000 people. The general theme of the Congress is announced to be "The Holy Eucharist the Source and Inspiration of Catholic Action." As Cleveland is easily reached by an overnight train trip for over half the population of the United States, it is expected there will be an immense gathering of the clergy and laity for this public demonstration of belief and devotion in the Blessed Sacrament.

Concordats with Jugoslavia and Spain

Early in August a Concordat was concluded between Jugoslavia and the Holy See, and later in the month it was reported that the first steps had been taken toward a pact between the Vatican and Spain. In the latter case it is believed there must first be revision of certain sections of the Republican Constitution which discriminate against the Church. Under the Catholic leadership of José Maria Gil Robles there is every hope that the negotiations will proceed to a peaceful agreement.

The Concordat with Jugoslavia has not been made public at this writing but it was reported that the document was signed on August 5th by Cardinal Pacelli and by Jugoslavia's Minister of Justice, Louis Auer, who, with his wife and daughter were received afterward in private audience by the Holy Father. This agreement is important because the Catholic minority has long

felt the need of adequate protection of its rights. Negotiations to this end were begun in 1919, that is, very soon after the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croatians and Slovenes was formed out of Servia and the old Austrian Empire.

Some of the provisions of the Concordat are known: religious instruction is guaranteed to Catholic pupils in the public schools; marriage contracted in the Catholic Church will be recognized civilly and legislation on this subject will be made uniform throughout the Kingdom; the property of the Church cannot be expropriated or submitted to new agrarian laws without an agreement with the Church; parochial clergy will be forbidden to belong to political parties, and Catholic Action will not be allowed with any political party but will be directly under the supervision of the bishops; in the appointment of new bishops the Holy See will make sure there is no serious objection of a political nature against the candidate; the boundaries of dioceses will conform with the frontiers of the State and new dioceses will be formed.

The question of liturgical languages was the subject of long discussion. The ancient Slavonic is the language of the liturgy for most of the Catholics who do not use Latin. Two forms of characters have been used, Glagolitic and Cyrillic, the latter named from St. Cyril the Apostle of the Slavs, whose disciples designed it from Greek letters for ecclesiastical purposes. Since 1929 the Missal has been printed in Latin as well as in Cyrillic. The Canon must be printed in both characters. There is now only one official ritual and it is a faithful translation of the Latin ritual. The Concordat provides that the bishops may regulate the adoption and use of the ancient Slavonic according to the desires of the populations, but they must safeguard the susceptibility of minorities. Slavonic as a liturgical language dates back to the ninth century.

Convention of the Knights of Columbus

The fifty-third annual meeting of the Supreme Council of the Knights of Columbus was held in New York, August 20th-22d. A Pontifical Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral celebrated by the Most Rev. Stephen J. Donahue, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of New York, formally opened the convention. An address of welcome was delivered by the Right Rev. Michael J. Lavelle, Rector of the Cathedral. About three hundred delegates and alternates attended from every State and from all parts of Canada, from Panama, Cuba, Mexico, Porto Rico, Newfoundland, Alaska, and the Philippines. Besides the delegates there were thousands of visitors who took part in the religious and social activities of the convention.

The Trinity League

Catholic Action has been nobly exemplified in the new Trinity League recently organized in New York by the Rev. Paul B. Ward of the Paulist Fathers. Their official publication, *Wisdom*, appeared as an eight-page paper in May and a second issue came out for July-August. The Trinity League is essentially an organization for the

laity. Its aim is to combat atheism and religious indifference. Among its many activities is a weekly broadcast over the Paulist Radio Station WLWL, called "Setting Things Right." It is listed at 6:45 every Monday evening and its purpose is to correct misstatements that may have appeared in the press on any subject touching Catholic faith and morals. The League holds a meeting at its headquarters, 32 West 60th Street, which is open to the public, once a week.

The publication of the paper, *Wisdom*, aroused general enthusiasm as the roster of contributors of articles indicates. The ravages of atheism and religious indifferentism are alarming and this remedy appealed to scholars and writers of the Catholic University of America and other Catholic Colleges, as well as to members of the staffs of our leading Catholic papers and periodicals and to learned Catholics in private life. The League and its paper are welcome additions to the forces on the side of God and of religion and morality.

Anyone may join the League whether a resident of New York or not. Societies, clubs and other organizations that wish to share in its efforts for good may become affiliated with the League. Complete information may be obtained by addressing Dr. George G. Sullivan, Trinity League, 32 West 60th Street, New York.

Our Contributors

CAPTAIN FERGUS KERNAN'S first contribution to our pages in October, 1934, attracted attention even in far-away India. "Fragment on Democracy" is to form part of a book Captain Kernan is writing for the purpose of establishing "beyond a reasonable doubt the pedigree of that succubus—the Totalitarian State—which has fastened itself on Western Civilization." As for his qualifications for such a task, we refer our readers to the aforementioned October number.

THAT BEATRICE BRADSHAW BROWN ("Art and Catholic Action") has a facile pen cannot be denied. That she also has convictions worth expressing is evident in her present stirring call to an awareness of our Catholic artistic heritage and its demands on us.

AROUND a slight plot MRS. GRACE IRENE CARROLL weaves her story, "The Corner Cupboard," with a decided charm of characterization and atmosphere. She is an occasional contributor who makes her home in Middletown, Conn.

IT is with a renewed sense of sadness at his loss that we present the REV. SELDEN P. DELANY'S "Marriage in Paganism and Christianity," sent to us a few months before his death. This and his article on "St. Thomas More" in the June number are to be included in the book on *Married Saints* which he left with Longmans, Green & Co. for publication, and which we are sure will be very warmly welcomed not only by those fortunate enough to be his friends, but by all readers sensitive to the inspiration of his life.

WE read MICHAEL MONAHAN'S "My First Bullfight" sadly too, so vividly does it bring before us the picturesque figure, in his last years so like a character out of Dickens, who used painfully but gallantly to climb our steep stairs and lure us away from a busy desk with his brilliant talk of life and letters.

READERS of BENJAMIN L. MASSE'S able defense of satire in the May number will turn eagerly to this second article of his, "The Future of Liberalism." Mr. Masse, who belongs to the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus, is just entering upon his theological studies, preparatory to ordination.

WE should expect in a poet the sensitiveness to intangibles, so marked in MARY SINTON LEITCH'S latest essay, "Out of England into Cornwall." Mr. and Mrs. Leitch have recently returned from a year abroad, whither they went to be near their son, at school in Switzerland. This month and last, we have certainly profited by her travels.

BEFORE being completely absorbed by family affairs (she is the mother of six children) SARA (MRS. THEODORE) MAYNARD won success abroad as novelist and playwright, one of her plays having been produced by the Abbey Theater. She was born in South Africa, educated in Ireland and in Germany, and married Dr. Maynard in 1918, five years after his reception into the

Church. We are happy to welcome her to our pages, which are enriched so frequently by her husband's work.

"AN INTRODUCTION TO PREFACES" also introduces REV. JOSEPH CLIFFORD FENTON, S.T.D. Born in Springfield, Mass., he holds his A.B. from Holy Cross College, his B.C.L. from the University of Montreal, and his S.T.D. from the Angelico in Rome. His article is an artfully simple step towards a much-to-be-desired end, the popularization of our great medieval thinkers. Last year Dr. Fenton was appointed Professor of Philosophy at St. Ambrose College, Davenport, Iowa.

AN enthusiastic flyer, and incidentally the first priest to fly around South America, REV. EDWIN RYAN, D.D., in his "Flying the Andes," gives us a chapter in his narrative of that unique and "glorious experience." Dr. Ryan was for many years Professor of History at Dunwoodie Seminary and at the Catholic University of America, resigning his post at the latter institution to accept the same professorship at Roland Park, Baltimore. He is a member of the Catholic Historical Society, a director of the Liturgical Arts Society, and the author of *The Church in the South American Republics* and of various other writings dealing with that continent.

WE have a pardonable pride in our poets, whom we find in many moods this month. In offering us "Storm," KENTON KILMER, M.A., hoped we should "find it good enough to excuse its length." We did, and in fact we think he bids fair not only to uphold but to surpass the family tradition. From what seems to be a veritable nursery of poets, the English Department of the College of St. Teresa, Winona, Minn., comes a new voice, that of ROSELYN QUINN ("Threnody for Fall"), who on the completion of her studies there entered the novitiate of the Sisters of St. Francis in Rochester, Minn. A second newcomer, ANNE CABELL ("Warning"), whose poetry is well known in Western student circles, became a convert to the Faith after her freshman year at Oklahoma City University, a Methodist College, finished her B.A. course at Immaculate Heart College, Hollywood, Calif., with honors in Philosophy, and is now doing graduate work in English Literature at the University of that State; she is a cousin of James Branch Cabell. Though MARY IRENE WOODRUFF, an old friend, has never been in Egypt she must have seen it with the inner eye to have given us her vivid "Moon Over Cairo"; LIAM P. CLANCY, our Irish poet, bewitches us so with the lilt of his "A Rustle o' Grass" that we are eager to be over the hills and away.

New Books

Expressionism in Art. By Sheldon Cheney.—Education of the Founding Fathers of the Republic. By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.—My Old World. By Ernest Dimnet.—Wheels and Butterflies. By William Butler Yeats.—The Cambridge Ancient History. Vol. X. Edited by S. A. Cook, F. E. Adcock and M. P. Charlesworth.—The Cambridge Ancient History: Fourth volume of Plates. Prepared by C. T. Seltman.—Hector Berlioz. By Tom S. Wotton.—An Anthology of World Prose. Edited by Carl Van Doren.—Clashing Tides of Color. By Lothrop Stoddard.—Grand Tour. By Patrick Balfour.—God's Soldier: General William Booth. By St. John Ervine.—National Music. By Ralph Vaughan Williams, D.Mus.—Shorter Notices.—Pamphlet Publications.

Expressionism in Art. By Sheldon Cheney. New York: Liveright Publishing Corporation. $5.00.

Sheldon Cheney, whose *Primer of Modern Art* has served for nearly ten years as a valuable introduction to the subject, now gives us one of the most important art books of the decade, a volume well worth its price, deeply thoughtful, discerning, stimulative. As befits the subject, it is particularly well-ordered. About 200 rightly chosen illustrations are included. We have but one complaint—the lamentable omission of a tabulated bibliography.

"Art," says Mr. Cheney, "is the formal expression of an imagined conception. . . . We are disinterested in 'art' that is mere transfer from seen nature, that is photography. The emphasis is, instead, on the artist's conception, on essence, on form, on expression, and I take for granted the importance of feeling, and of the potentialities of the medium." With this statement as key, it should be fairly easy for student or amateur to follow the author's lead as he marks the progress of Art through its various vicissitudes, and classifies artists according to their creative or imitative activities. We have moved from the Victorian Age with its "shallowly bright truths and easy enjoyments" of the superficial and obvious, to an age which demands intuition, intimation, creation; we have moved from imitation to expression, and Mr. Cheney goes to great lengths to make clear the finer shades of divergence between the two, reënforcing his own analytic judgment with excerpts ranging from Aquinas to Croce, and with illustrations from artists as antithetic as David and Marin. The imitative artist, be he Realist, Romanticist or Classicist, begins with the objective; he is concerned with the reproduction of enjoyed nature: the expressionist is subjective and he seeks to achieve an order determined by an experienced emotion which may or may not have been stimulated by a natural scene. Visual art, like music, can be nonobjective. Expressionism is essentially a synthesis, and expressive art though scientifically based is spiritually conscious. The author finds that its distinguishing marks are six: 1. Consideration of

medium; 2. Unified abstract design or plastic architecture; 3. Rhythmic organization; 4. Abstraction, including distortions of natural elements and, frequently, abandonment of recognizable objectivity; 5. Universal-mystic significance; and 6. Intensity of expression.

Immediately the question arises: when an artist is filled with an urge to express, just *what* does he seek to express? What, for him, is meant by the hard-worked word "significance"? "He expresses primarily his feeling for life and order," says Mr. Cheney. In the effort to do this the personal contribution is supreme; into it may enter the mystical element, the artist's powers of spiritual apprehension, his intuition of Perfect Order —of Divinity. And in a footnote, Mr. Cheney (by implication) chides Thomas Craven for ascribing Modern Art to Parisian Bohemianism and its freed sexual impulses. Only scientific materialists, he says, who have failed to establish any spiritual orientation with life would deny the mystic overtones of Modern Art. Be that as it may, Mr. Cheney is hard put to point out a group of painters to-day who really do express such conceptions of mystic grandeur.

He complains that the times are at fault; that to-day—"when the venerable churches are deserted"—(we invite him to attend a parish Mass next Sunday!)—"there is little to compare with the way in which during the medieval era, the symbols and beliefs of the Christ-obsessed painter and builder" entered into art. He draws a picture of Fra Angelico weeping continuously while he painted Christ on the Cross; and he tells us that the artist in our machine-age lacks a binding faith, a unified attitude, an all-embracing conviction. "Instead, a materialistic individualism, a surviving will-to-fight, a wide smattering of superficial education, have prevented the formulation of a world philosophy and the discovery of a comprehensive viewpoint." The artist should be prophet as well as reflector or spokesman; but only the Communists seem now to be inspired by a shared conviction and a passionate devotion. And about the Communist in Modern Art, Mr. Cheney tells us a good deal.

Lest we seem to indicate that this book is concerned with theory alone, let us hasten to say that it contains very lucid explanations of "the how" of Expressionism in Painting and correlative sections on Architecture, Sculpture, the Dance and the Theater. The author uses the modern terminology, but his style is simple and clear, and very few readers, even those unfamiliar with art principles, would have difficulty in understanding him. He concludes with three pieces of advice to the novice: "1. Don't believe a word I say. That is, unless you have come to the conclusion yourself; 2. Strive for direct response, immediate experience; 3. Accept art not as a refuge from life, but as an intensification of living." C. A.

Education of the Founding Fathers of the Republic. Scholasticism in the Colonial Colleges. By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D. New York: Fordham University Press. $3.50.

In these interesting pages Dr. Walsh tells us that the signers of the Declaration of Independence and the members of the Constitutional Convention were scholars in the best sense of the term. Of the fifty-five

members of the Continental Congress twenty-seven were college graduates, and twenty others had academic training.

It will be news to most of our readers that Scholasticism continued to be the philosophic teaching of our American colleges until the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Dr. Walsh proves this thesis by studying carefully the archives of the Colonial Colleges of Harvard, Yale, Kings (Columbia), New Jersey (Princeton), William and Mary, Philadelphia (University of Pennsylvania) and Rhode Island (Brown). The Latin disputation of medieval Europe was common in these colleges, and on commencement day the degree student was called upon to defend one hundred or more Latin theses on logic, grammar, rhetoric, mathematics, natural, mental and moral philosophy. These theses—hundreds of examples are given in the text—bear a marked resemblance to the Latin theses defended in the medieval schools, and in our present day Catholic colleges, seminaries and universities.

In Part II. Dr. Walsh gives us a brief historical sketch of old and new Scholasticism, corrects false views regarding the place of the Latin disputations in the Colonial colleges, and contrasts the education of to-day with the education of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. B. L. C.

My Old World. By Ernest Dimnet. New York: Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

The Abbé Dimnet,—quite as much at home in England and America as in his native France, gifted with fluency as a speaker and writer in at least two and probably in three languages, a *littérateur*, a philosopher, and something of a theologian, classical yet unmistakably modern, possessed of initiative and courage that equal his affability, and a true cosmopolitan although of provincial origin,—has really became a sort of international institution.

He now gives us the first volume of an autobiography, the only personal book he has written. It tells the story of his progress from the days of ardent youth through a series of adventures, spiritual and intellectual, to his present serene and contented maturity. We learn of his family and home, the austerity of his early scholastic training, his unsatisfactory introduction to philosophy, his assignment to Douai, the Athens of the North, his contact with the Anglo-Irish type of monastic piety, and his gradual "Anglicanization."

Of particular interest and not without significance is the Abbé's account of life in the Seminary and of his antagonistic reactions to the narrowness both of discipline and of curriculum. Although his caustic criticism is no doubt largely justified, possibly, at this distance of time, he remembers best what hurt and overlooks much that helped to make his mind what it later grew to be.

By the time he was thirty-two, he was well launched on his career as a French writer with a small but appreciative audience. At this moment, however, he changed his medium; and since then he has published at least ten times more in English than in his own language. Dr. William Barry in England was his real literary guide.

Liberal in his sympathies, political as well as religious, the Abbé

naturally formed close friendships with Bremond and with Bricout, in whose magazine *La Revue du Clergé Français*, his articles on George Tyrrell "attracted too much attention." The Abbé Portal was his friend, also Lord Halifax and the distinguished Angellier. Through Bricout he came in contact with the teaching of Duchesne and Loisy both of whom at that time were defended by Msgr. d'Hulst, "whose cold brilliance as well as intelligent orthodoxy was for a long time their chief bulwark." This embarked him on the Modernist movement to which he hopes to give some space in a later volume.

J. McS.

Wheels and Butterflies. By William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

"To Garret or Cellar a wheel I send—but every butterfly to a friend." With this cryptic message Mr. Yeats launches his four one-act plays all of which have been performed at the Abbey Theater. They deal with supernatural agencies and each of them is preceded by an elaborate and often obscure preface. To the innumerable clubs "for general improvement" that assemble for discussion in the garrets and cellars of Dublin, he especially addresses *The Words Upon the Window Pane* in which the preface gives assurance that Dean Swift was the greatest Irishman of them all. At a spiritualistic séance in an old eighteenth-century mansion, Swift is heard talking to Stella and Vanessa; it being Yeats's theory that the Dean foresaw the havoc coming with Rousseau and the Revolutionists and "so dreaded the historic process that it became in his half mad mind a dread of parenthood." The words on the window pane are the verses written by Stella to show that she understood and forgave him. In *The Resurrection*, a Greek, a Hebrew and a Syrian voice their reactions to Calvary and are interrupted by the Risen Lord. "Athens, Alexandria, Rome, something has come to destroy you," cried the Greek, "God and Man die each other's life — live each other's death!"

The Cat and the Moon and *Fighting the Waves*—which has an orchestrated accompaniment by George Antheil—are both founded on ancient Gaelic tales. The latter, which the author says is too expensive for frequent production, must have been highly effective. Mr. Yeats has attempted to dramatize his philosophy but has made his characters merely the mouthpieces of his own views. Although rich with his rare imaginative gifts, as drama, the plays lack the humor and humanity of Lady Gregory and the action and tempestuous power of Synge. The Irish idiom is also lacking.

E. VR. W.

The Cambridge Ancient History. Vol. X. The Augustan Empire. 44 B.C.—70 A.D. Edited by S. A. Cook, F. E. Adcock and M. P. Charlesworth. Cambridge, Eng.: At the University Press; New York: The Macmillan Co. $11.00.

The Cambridge Ancient History. Fourth volume of Plates. Prepared by C. T. Seltman. Same publishers. $4.00.

While this most scholarly work, when ultimately completed, will carry its story of the Ancient World down to the time when Christianity triumphed in the Roman Empire in 324 A.D., the present volume records the mighty events and

changes which marked the actual turning point in all history and the "setting" for the advent of the new era. The rise of Christianity is not recorded here but is reserved for the volume to follow, because the Roman Empire as a whole did not begin to feel the definite and continuous power of Christianity till after 70 A.D. But the period here portrayed already held within its bosom the pledge of the renewal of the face of the earth. The City of Rome was preparing now (as St. Augustine later expressed it) for the advent of the City of God.

The old republic realized that it had overreached itself in its conquest of the Mediterranean world. Its ancient institutions, established long before the vast territorial and commercial expansion had begun, could no longer control the great military leaders placed over wealthy provinces and victorious Roman legions; nor could they allay the ever recurring dissensions and party clashes which shook the capital, the life-center of the republic. Cæsar had sensed the need of a thorough political reconstruction; of a greater permanence in firm and intelligent leadership, and of a transformation of the old city republic into a new world empire. But it was left to Cæsar's adopted son and heir so to modify and perfect Cæsar's plans as to make them capable of realization and palatable to the people of Rome and of the world. Augustus did not seek an autocratic rule of force but a strong and stable government. He did not want to be feared as a tyrant but to be loved and admired as a constitutional monarch. He had a fine understanding of the Roman temperament and the Roman love of tradition, and he proclaimed openly his respect for that tradition and his anxiety to preserve it. He, therefore, sought and received from the restored republic the extraordinary powers and titles needed for the ruling of his empire, powers far greater than those ever held by any Roman.

However, he retained the status of a citizen of the reconstructed republic even while he welcomed the titles of *princeps* among Roman citizens, of *imperator* over Rome's mighty armies, of "Augustus" as sacrosanct by destiny and the will of the gods, and of *pater patriæ* as deserving of the empire's love and gratitude. It was he who assured to the Mediterranean world for three hundred years not only its political unity and its single capital but also its economic unity, its peace and immunity from foreign oppression, its opportunities for an ever wider dissemination of the arts, letters and sciences and the increase of trade and commerce.

Because of the unique genius of Augustus and the unparalleled character of his work, four-fifths of the present volume are given to his reign, reserving only seven of its twenty-five chapters for the reigns of Tiberius, Gaius, Claudius, Nero and the year of the "four emperors."

The volume is a collaborated work written by fifteen acknowledged experts in the several fields. The lion's share has fallen to M. P. Charlesworth, Reader in Ancient History at the University of Cambridge. "The Religious Developments from the close of the Republic to the Death of Nero" have been described by A. D. Nock, Professor of the History of Religion at Harvard University. The chapter "Egypt under the Early Principate" was written by H. Idris Bell, Keeper of Manuscripts in the British Mu-

seum and unchallenged authority in the field of Egyptian papyri. The chapter on "The Economic Unification of the Mediterranean region: Industry, Trade and Commerce" was prepared by F. Oertel, Professor of Ancient History at the University of Bonn. The work is well provided with maps and indices and with an up-to-date, well classified bibliography extending over 101 pages.

The Volume of Plates is designed to serve volumes IX. and X. of the Text Series (covering the period from 133 B.C. to 70 A.D.). Each of its 105 plates has facing it a page of explanatory text. Many of the views shown here have hitherto been available only in widely scattered publications; some of them are published for the first time.

T. C. P.

Hector Berlioz. By Tom S. Wotton. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.00.

"Berlioz was, with the sole exception of Mozart, the composer with the most stupendous native gifts of the last few centuries," declared Bernard van Dieren in 1928, and Romain Rolland would rank only four above this greatest of French musicians, who was "music itself." Yet so persistent are the legends about the man, so fixed are the ideas and obsessions concerning his work, that any book on Berlioz invariably takes the form of an apologia.

Mr. Wotton brings zeal, learning and common sense to his championship. In a series of quasi-independent essays following a chapter on the life legend, he meets the various charges brought against the artist under the captions,—technique, melody, form, program music, works. He believes that the failure to appreciate Berlioz' harmony may be attributed in part to the composer's invariable habit of orchestral musical thinking. As Berlioz never learned the piano, he never translated his ideas into the piano idiom, and was averse to enharmony. To the reproach that he failed to produce melody, the author counters by pointing out the wealth of fluid, far-ranging melody in the works. Instead of a composer of unbridled romanticism, or program music, the slave of a literary text, Mr. Wotton presents one "cleanly classical," distinguished for clarity of form and at times for delicacy of texture. We learn too that the throaty warblings and chucklings of the saxophone were first used in February, 1844, by this master of orchestration and experimenter in orchestral coloring.

What will be the future status of Berlioz asks Mr. Wotton at the conclusion of his able defense. Perhaps Sir William Hadow is close to a reason for the failure of Berlioz to win sympathetic appreciation. He finds a perversity in this music, the expression of a native twist in the composer's character. Unlike Wagner, Berlioz did not command music—he was its slave. M. C. M.

An Anthology of World Prose. Edited by Carl Van Doren. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. $3.50.

Dr. Van Doren wishes us to understand that this book is an anthology "in English for readers interested in literature at large." His plan called, above all else, for a collection of world masterpieces that could be read with intense enjoyment. But it called also for a compilation that would not be random; a compilation that would set the most exacting standards in its

selection of translators; and one which would recognize the fact that prose is seldom a lyric art and therefore cannot be adequately represented by mere brief passages.

I cannot, of course, pretend to the linguistic scholarship that would be requisite for the proper textual reviewing of Carl Van Doren's selections from the Chinese, Sanskrit, Persian, Hebrew, Egyptian, and certain other ancient languages. Nor do I desire to pretend to that form of reviewing, often pedantic and always futile, which quarrels with an anthologist's omissions and inclusions. But I do recognize in this anthology a stimulating, judicious, and extremely serviceable collection of prose that fulfills a distinct need always, and often has about it a tone of careful scholarship.

For one thing, Dr. Van Doren's translators are, in most cases, scholars of repute. From William Caxton to William Archer, from Richard Burton to Pearl Buck, their names are inscribed in a brilliant galaxy of those who have always brought not only knowledge, but also feeling, to the task of translating. And whereas a reviewer (and even the anthologist!) cannot always know everything about *all* the wines in the old bottles, he can, like myself, here recognize the genuineness of the labels on the bottles!

Dr. Van Doren's selections are also strikingly fresh: those from the Chinese, Japanese, Hebrew, Latin, Greek, and other ancient languages should help many a puzzled college professor prove that such languages are, indeed, not dead ones at all. And the gleanings from the Romance and English and American literatures are comprehensive enough (they range from Dante to Wolfe) to satisfy the "modern" without letting him forget that there is no such thing as the "modern." Finally, though Carl Van Doren's anthology runs to over a million words (why do book jackets always boast of such a matter?), it offers the even more satisfying and comforting completeness of more selections quoted in their entirety than are to be found in any other collection of its kind.

C. McC.

Clashing Tides of Color. By Lothrop Stoddard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

Mr. Stoddard has been studying and writing about world problems for many years. Shortly after the war, he published *The Rising Tide of Color*, a survey of the relations between the white and the nonwhite world. But, as he himself confesses, he overlooked the fact that the nonwhite world was itself in process of disruption, so that today the rising tide has been changed into a confused welter of swirling eddies. "If the West has almost lost its former sense of solidarity, the East is being literally Balkanized by the impact of Western civilization and by novel ideas such as Nationalism and Communism."

The supreme problem of the future, as the author sees it, concerns the necessity which has come upon the world of adapting all mankind to a mechanistic civilization. The machine, having established its supremacy in Europe and America is now exerting an irresistible, and almost wholly destructive, influence upon Asia and Africa. Can the Western world accommodate itself to the demands of the machine? Can the Eastern world do the same?

And can both finally attain a universal unity transcending economic, national and racial barriers?

A minor problem is this: whether an internationalized world would, or would not, inevitably break up into antagonistic groups separated by diverse economic interests. And here we touch upon the utility of nationalism as a bulwark against Communism. And while we are considering problems, here's another: Strictly speaking a close-knit, federated world which would disintegrate national consciousness would also promote race mixture; but heredity is a very complicated matter. "A widely cross-bred population would necessarily be biologically chaotic, and this biological chaos will inevitably be reflected in its political and social life."

All that can be done at present, our author says, is to study and evaluate the trends which appear in given situations, meanwhile hoping that a more spiritual cultural age will dawn. Here, perhaps, he comes nearest to what is really the only possible remedy for our troubled world. Either mankind as a whole will submit to, and be united by, a controlling spiritual purpose, or things will go from bad to worse and confusion become ever more confounded. J. McS.

Grand Tour. Diary of an Eastward Journey. By Patrick Balfour. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.75.

Patrick Balfour, a Scottish journalist, describes in these interesting pages an adventurous motor trip of himself and his friends through Syria, Iraq, Persia, Afghanistan and India. Not content with this long journey he continued his jaunt by pony through Nepal, by man-of-war to the Andaman Islands, by train into Malaya, and by river steamer through Indo-China.

He tells us of the "odious and hard" Syrian desert, of the busy bazaars of Bagdad, the ruins of Ctesiphon, the cuneiform inscriptions of Bisitum, the modernization of Teheran, the yellow prairies and wide rivers of Afghanistan, the temples, shrines, bad food and frightful trains of India, the cockfighting and the puppet shadowplay of Kelantan, the rubber planters of Malaya, the snake farm of Bangkok, the ruins of Ayuthia and Lopburi, the towers, moat and bas-reliefs of the Angkot Wat, etc.

Mr. Balfour has little patience with the traveler who romanticizes the East. He writes: "The East is like a drug. As you reach Port Said on your voyage home you begin 'to come to' as from an anæsthetic. Your benumbed spirit thaws, your heart begins to beat. You are alive again. . . . The Englishman in the East who reads and preserves his intellectual interests is the exception. He grows oblivious to his surroundings. His senses are dulled by the insensibility of his climatic environment." . . . "For myself," he adds, "the more I travelled in the glamorous Orient, the more I realized the infinite superiority of Western civilization."

The value of the book is enhanced greatly by the author's superb collection of photographs. B. L. C.

God's Soldier: General William Booth. By St. John Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Co. 2 vols. $7.50.

It causes some wonder that if Mr. Ervine thinks "devout men and women . . . fly to religion to find relief from pain, and find in the con-

templation of paradise an anodyne for their anguish," he should take the trouble to write of a group of them at such length. Still greater wonder is to be found in the fact, that holding this contemptuous opinion of religion, he should write of them with such sympathy. He starts with a prejudice, but as he proceeds he discovers that prejudice to be without foundation, and disproves as historian what he happens to hold as philosopher. Except for the sentence quoted, there is a genuine admiration for General Booth and the Salvation Army, and a perfect understanding of "God's Soldier."

The 1,139 closely printed pages constitute not so much a life of William Booth as a history of the Salvation Army. As a historian Mr. Ervine would seem to be exceptionally well-informed, for though his treatment of highly controversial matters shows him to be a definite partisan, he gives chapter and verse for all his opinions. Indeed, the book is, if anything, a little too heavily documented. The story is often held up while a series of long letters are quoted in full. Some of these fortunately are reserved for the appendices (of which there are 16), and their inclusion, along with the famous Deed Polls of 1878 and 1904, enables anybody to check arguments with the essential evidence.

The rich human story is not, however, obscured. Mr. Ervine's eye for the dramatic is always wide open, and he uses his material to give a fascinating and often deeply moving account of the illiterate enthusiasts who were aflame with the love of souls. Not only Booth, but his frail, lion-hearted wife, their turbulent children, and the principal officers of the Army, are depicted in strong colors. We feel at the end that we have known them all, and that all were well worth knowing.

Mr. Ervine is at some pains to refute the idea that Catherine and not William Booth deserves the largest share of credit. There is no attempt to deny Catherine's importance, and she emerges as the greater saint if not the greater genius. Moreover it is made clear that the secession of Ballington and Herbert Booth would not have occurred had Catherine lived a little longer. It is also abundantly clear that the Booths—all of them as ambitious as they were able—would sooner or later have quarreled among themselves.

The intrigue which resulted in the ousting of Bramwell Booth as General is as clearly traced as such devious matters can be. Nobody emerges with much credit. Bramwell is shown to have been an autocrat in days when autocracy was out of date. But Booth-Tucker and Evangeline Booth appear in a still more unfavorable light. As Mr. Ervine puts it: "If the American Nationalists have their way, the history of the Salvation Army may eventually be summarized in a sentence: it was created by William Booth, and destroyed by his daughter." It does not look as though that sentence will be verified, but the reader cannot help feeling that it ought to be. There is hardly any doubt that Bramwell was betrayed by those closest to him in ties of affection and of blood. They wept, we are told, while they voted for his deposition—still they voted. And it does not yet appear what has been gained under the new constitution. The old story is repeated:

St. Francis is succeeded by Brother Elias—the enthusiast is replaced by the shrewd politician. The Salvation Army seems likely to decline into efficiency and respectability. The old bones of God's Soldier must be turning in the grave. T. M.

National Music. By Ralph Vaughan Williams, D.Mus. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.75.

The energy and vitality of a school of music come from the energy and vitality of the unwritten, unrecorded art of its own countryside. Here are the roots, and if they are severed the tree will die. The distinguished English composer pleads in these lectures, delivered at Bryn Mawr College in 1932, for the recognition of these principles so often ignored in an age of specialization, of delegation, of getting the other fellow—often a foreigner—to do for us what we should be doing for ourselves. Dr. Williams's arguments, though sustained by history and logic, will not prove palatable to those who like only the imported symphony and conductor, the imported opera and singer.

It is then in the primitive song of a people that we should look for the origins of its music. Music which is vital preserves the popular element. On folk-tunes some of the great composers have built immortal music, complex in structure. Dr. Williams is firmly intrenched when he points to the vigorous nationalism, the racial flavor in Bach, Beethoven, Weber, Wagner. The great "classical" tradition in music is the Teutonic idiom, as unmistakable as the Scandinavian idiom of Grieg, or the Slav idiom of Moussorgsky.

In the old days in England, Dr. Williams reminds us, young and old bore a part in the dance, the glee, the madrigal, the round. The victrola and the radio to-day are helping to increase the number of passive listeners to the detriment of music, and as some philosophers believe, to the detriment of the moral fiber. M. C. M.

SHORTER NOTICES

Biography: Marlborough. His Life and Times. Vols. III. and IV. By Winston Churchill (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.00). In these two volumes we follow Marlborough's career through the years 1702 to 1705. The author contends rightly that the Duke ranks among the greatest military commanders of world history, and he proves his thesis to the hilt by analyzing the tactics and strategy of the famous march to the Danube, the Battle of Blenheim, and the forcing of the lines of Brabant. In these well documented pages we are given detailed accounts of Marlborough's relations with Queen Anne, the home government, and his Dutch and Imperial allies; full-sized portraits of the leading men of the English court, and of his companions in arms, Prince Eugene, Cadogan, Cardonnel, his brother Charles; vivid sketches of the home and foreign policy of the Whigs and Tories. Mr. Churchill does his utmost to "vindicate the greatness, warmth and virtue" of his hero, but the judgment of the impartial reader must still be that Marlborough was a selfish, shifty and mercenary politician, whose treason to his friend and lawful king is enough to con-

demn him in the opinion of honest-minded men.

A Saint in the Slave Trade: Peter Claver. By Arnold Lunn (New York: Sheed & Ward. $2.50). It comes to light in the first few pages of this book that, following the lead of William James, the author became very antipathetic to the "extravagances of Catholic Sanctity." Father Knox, however, upset his complacency with respect to this and soon afterwards he was further disturbed by Father Martindale's broadcast talks "What Are Saints?" being particularly impressed by the story of St. Peter Claver. He now pays a sort of debt by publishing this artistically told story of the amazing apostle of the Negroes of Cartagena. A model of its kind it is well calculated to convey a new idea of St. Peter Claver to the multitudes. The life of the Saint fills about 150 pages; the supplementary part, five skillfully written chapters, discusses Happiness, Pain, Pity, Humanism, Sanctity. The book, as a whole, is one of the very best that could be put in the hands of people puzzled about, or unsympathetic with, the Catholic idea of sanctity.

Mother Marianne of Molokai. By L. V. Jacks (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00). No less a person than Robert Louis Stevenson introduces this book. His verses, dedicated to "Reverend Sister Marianne, Matron of the Bishop Home, Kalaupapa," were written shortly after his visit to that leper colony in May, 1889, and very fittingly illustrate the spirit of the book. Though the author refers to this volume as a biography, it is rather, an historical account of the founding of Franciscan Hospitals for lepers in Hawaii, and the part played by Mother Marianne in that great work. The tale is told simply and clearly,—the facts of the case are permitted to speak for themselves—and the result is a story both interesting and inspiring, and often far stranger than fiction. The book is based on the personal correspondence of Mother Marianne, the journal of Sister Leopoldina (the only Sister now living who was in the very first group of volunteers to go to Molokai), and many published accounts of social, political, religious and medical activities in Hawaii. In the chapter devoted to Robert Louis Stevenson's visit to the Bishop Home at Kalaupapa we are given a picture of the situation as he saw it, and the reactions which led him to write, ". . . A fool were tempted to deny his God."

Ordeal. By Marie, Queen of Roumania (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75). Replete with ornamental photographs, and highly centralized, as the royal author's personality would lead one to expect, this second volume of the life of Roumania's picturesque Queen deals with the period of the Great War. Emotional and sentimental in tone, it sheds an interesting sidelight on those days of intense feeling. It is marred by a rather tedious repetition of such incidents as Marie's Lady Bountiful visits to hospitals, where one or two descriptions would have sufficed.

FICTION: **The Wolf at the Door.** By Robert Francis (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50). An Introduction by Havelock Ellis prepares us for the realism and romance which both startle and delight us in the reading of this book, recently translated by Françoise Delisle

from the original *La Grange aux Trois Belles*. Ellis tells us that the author, twenty-five years old, writes under a pseudonym; that while engaged as an engineer on the northern frontier he discovered the forest which figures in this story. His first novel, it met with immediate success on its appearance in 1933 and has already been followed by two long books dealing with the same family. It is markedly reminiscent of Dickens and of Lewis Carroll in its imaginative fantasy. Keeping time with this lyric quality, as might perhaps a bass accompaniment, there is a broadly sensual conception of the French peasantry to which many readers will object. The three little girls, whose story is told, together with their wooden-legged father, their admirable mother, their eccentric aunt and their extraordinary neighbors, are all creations of remarkable originality. Regretfully we note that nearly all the characters profess a Catholicism that is less than skin-deep.

Deep Dark River. By Robert Rylee (New York: Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50). This study of the noble simplicity inherent in the Negro race and of the bondage in which it is held in certain localities by white viciousness, is profoundly moving. Robert Rylee writes of a land he knows, and he has succeeded in embodying in this first novel the beauty and appeal of a Negro spiritual. The story is about Mose, a strong, peaceful Negro who has the faith and patience of a Job; and about Mary Winston, a white daughter of the South, who wages battle for the emancipation of justice in the State of Mississippi. A solemn dignity runs through the tale, like the deep dark river of the title, which localizes the setting while it typifies, of course, the surging stream of mournful struggling blacks. The dominant note, however, is one of hope sprung from trust in the "Lawd," and in this respect the book has a religious sweetness similar to that of *Green Pastures* at its best. Mr. Rylee makes a *début* that restores confidence in the coming generation.

Lucy Gayheart. By Willa Cather (New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00). When a book by Willa Cather proves disappointing, that is news indeed. Reluctantly we admit that her latest novel is so, despite frequent evidence of the charming and delicate Cather touch. The heroine is a memorable personification of youthful longing, "a slight figure always in motion; dancing or skating, or walking swiftly with intense direction, like a bird flying home." Lucy's typical small-town routine would doubtless have ended in marriage with Harry Gordon, the most suitable of the local swains, had she not gone to study music in Chicago. But there she came in contact with Clement Sebastian, a famous and lovable concert star with a nostalgia for his vanished youth, and to him Lucy tendered a youthful adoration which was, in reality, a falling in love with art and romance. The characters of Lucy and Sebastian have a hauntingly permanent quality, although they are not much more than vividly sketched, but the book as a whole is thin and dotted with flimsy patches.

The Grass Grows Green. By Hortense Lion (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50). Recurrence of war, despite time and place, and the aftermath of sorrow that is woman's

share, while the grass grows on the battlefields of the world, is the theme underlying Hortense Lion's story of a young German girl who came to this country as an immigrant before the Civil War. How Frieda made a place for herself in the new land, married and raised a family while New York was growing up, is told with truthful observation, and a freshness and sense of balance not usually found in a first novel.

Place of Hawks. By August W. Derleth (New York: Loring & Mussey. $2.50). Although an attempt is made on the jacket of this book to class it with the novels, it is really a grouping of four longish short stories, variations on a single theme. They are particularly well done, and any one of them, taken alone, will grip the reader's interest and provide him with a strong sense of atmosphere. Read immediately following each other, they become confused and their power is proportionately diluted. Our advice is: save one for a rainy day each month.

MISCELLANEOUS: **The Mind and Poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J.** By Bernard Kelly (Ditchling, Sussex, Eng.: Pepler & Sewell. 5 *s.*). This second volume in the Stones in the Brook series issued by St. Dominic's Press is typical of the fine work sponsored by Mr. Pepler. The handmade paper and beautiful type furnish an appropriate format for this study of the mind of Father Hopkins as revealed in his poetry, and to one who is familiar with that poetry it should be both interesting and illuminating, since there seems always some new depth of thought to discover, some fresh apprehension to delight in. But for a first approach to the study of Hopkins it can scarcely be recommended, although there are many things in it that deserve to be read for their own sake. The "Wreck of the Deutschland" receives the most considerable part of the poet's attention and furnishes the occasion for an exceptionally acute piece of criticism. It consists of a study of what Mr. Kelly calls the two movements in the poem, one which is the substance of the poem itself, the other an intellectual probing that accompanies the first. An invaluable book of its kind.

Saint Basil: The Letters. Vol. IV. Translated by Roy J. Deferrari, Ph.D. (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. Loeb Classical Library.) This volume contains an abundance of correspondence, fascinating, varied and illuminating. The themes range from trivial ephemera to metaphysics; the whole re-creating a complete image of the cultured saint and furnishing an informative background to the history of a highly important century. It concludes with the famous "Address to Young Men on the Reading of Greek Literature." The problem here introduced becomes more apposite than ever with the growing juxtaposition in our own age of alien cultures. It would be a pretense on the reviewer's part to criticize in any detail Dr. Deferrari's rendition, which achieves exactitude and smoothness and will compel the gratitude of anyone appreciative of the indicated values of Basil's letters. From one painfully aware of the labor of translation, gratitude will be doubly real. The notes are illuminating and sufficient.

Chosen Poems. By Harriet Monroe (New York: The Macmillan Co.

$3.00). Harriet Monroe's poetry indicates clearly her wide interest in life. It is intensely sincere, and, by virtue of this quality, sometimes reaches the inner sanctum of the heart. From the "Columbian Ode" which helped to dedicate the Columbian Exposition in 1892, to the group of "Everyday Types" written last year, this book presents the best of her work, and offers evidence of the variety of the experiences which have entered her life and found expression in her art. There is also variety in technique, revealing anew the adaptability and flexibility of her lines in their conformity to the poetic *motif*. In the sectional divisions, Works of Man, Out of Doors, People, Elegies and Lyrics, there is evident that definite objective of "the new poetry," to express in simple and natural language the fleeting, conglomerate panorama of our contemporary life. Miss Monroe has accomplished much in the art of modern poesy and this collection of her verse will serve to perpetuate the ideals which led to the foundation of *Poetry*.

With Harp and Lute. By Blanche Jennings Thompson (New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25). Doubtless the success of Blanche Jennings Thompson's collection of modern poems for girls and boys, *Silver Pennies*, as well as her sense of its need, led to the compilation of this attractive and generously illustrated little volume of religious verse. Gathered from sources old and new, from convent cell and cloister, from the psalms and hymns of the Church, we meet in its pages treasures that, as the author intends, "open here and there a door that lets the child hear from afar the sound of harp and lute and follow if he will the lovely music." It is rather for the child in his teens than for those younger, and if among his private possessions will do much to form his taste, religious and literary. We should prefer to have the liturgical sequences and hymns in their entirety and to dispense if necessary with the student selections,—and we noted one of those inexplicable misprints that seem bound to creep into first editions. Kate Seredy's pictures are happily attuned to the text.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS: **A Communion Book**, by M. S. K.-B., affords young children a clear explanation of the meaning of Holy Communion, together with some solidly pious prayers; Msgr. P. E. Hallett brings forward an able defense of the position of two saints recently canonized, in **The Martyrdoms of SS. John Fisher and Thomas More**; a timely warning uttered by Archbishop Goodier, S.J., in his sermon for the Golden Jubilee of the Catholic Truth Society comes to us under the title, **The Way of Truth**, while a masterly exposition of the value of our Faith is given us by the same author in **The Catholic That Was**; **Catholic Winchester**, by the Right Rev. Msgr. J. H. King, presents an interesting history of this great College during Catholic times; Eveline Cole, in **The Exile**, tells a fascinating story of an abbé driven to England by the horrors of the French Revolution; the testimony of the Fathers of the Church on important Catholic doctrines is presented in **The Tradition of the Apostles**, by Rev. Joseph Heald; Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J., in another of the Studies in Comparative Religion series, gives an interesting account of the history and doctrines of Theosophy; this excellent series

is brought to a close by **A Philosophy of Comparative Religion**, a summary of the other Studies as well as an outline of comparative religion from the standpoint of philosophy, by Rev. E. C. Messenger, Ph.D.; another most interesting outline, this time of a period not sufficiently stressed in non-Catholic histories, is contained in **The Counter-Reformation**, by H. O. Evennett, M.A.; while G. Elliot Anstruther tells an impressive story of **Twenty-five Years of Progress, 1910-1935** in a jubilee retrospect of the Church in England; a timely pamphlet giving helpful suggestions as to the duty of Catholics in the world at the present time is **The Pope and Catholic Action**, a compilation of four Pontifical Letters, the Letter of the English Hierarchy, 1934, and "What Is Catholic Action?", by Monsignor Pizzardo, Archbishop of Nicea (London: The Catholic Truth Society. 5 cents each).

Reprints from the Queen's Work Press of Rev. Daniel A. Lord's comforting **When Sorrow Comes**, his searching **Why Leave Home?**, and his helpful **The Pure of Heart**; **The Dominican Nuns in Australia**, by Rev. W. V. McEvoy, O.P., an inspiring account of an heroic struggle against almost overwhelming odds; **Saints of the Canon of the Mass**, by Florence (Mrs. Conor) Maguire, an aid to a more intelligent participation in the Holy Sacrifice; **Saint Thomas More**, by Right Rev. Msgr. Hallett, a most interesting account of a very human saint, form the most recent output from The Australian Catholic Truth Society (Melbourne. 5 cents each).

The Protestant Mind in 1935, A. D., by Rev. Maurice O'Connor, presents in popular style several thought-provoking suggestions as to the best way in which we may come to a clearer understanding of non-Catholic problems and thus offer a possible solution of them; in **Mexico Destroys Religious Freedom**, Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D., protests against the infringement of human, not merely Catholic, rights, such as freedom of worship and of education, and brings out the insincerity of Mexican protests in the face of facts; from the same author comes **The Sacred Heart**, explaining this familiar devotion as devotion to the love of Christ, and removing any mistaken materialistic conception of it; **The Communistic Crisis**, by Rev. Joseph A. Vaughan, S.J., Ph.D., shows that Capitalism is not to be condemned because of its abuse, and also that Communism violates *natural* rights and is definitely anti-religious (Huntington, Ind.: Our Sunday Visitor. 10 cents each).

"The Need of a Fixed Moral Code," by Archbishop McNicholas; useful "Definitions: Totalitarian, Corporative, Corporate, Organic, Authoritarian, and Fascist"; "The Relation of Science and Philosophy," by Joseph P. Kelly, S.J.; "The Cross of Serra," a fine sermon by Bishop Cantwell; "Capitalistic Trends Condemned," by Rev. Charles P. Bruehl, an exposé of the industrial slavery arising from the divorce of Capitalism from morality and the consequent unjust distribution of wealth; "Spiritual Renewal for Social Reform" (same author), insisting on the necessity for *internal* social reconstruction, and "The Catholic is anti-Bourgeois," by F. L. Burke, proving that the conflict between Bourgeoisism and Christianity is the age-old conflict between materialism and spirituality, are some of the very readable

and valuable items in recent issues of The Catholic Mind (New York: The America Press. 5 cents each issue).

A First Communion Catechism, by Rev. Henry P. Sullivan, is excellent both for children and for converts (New York: George Grady. 5 cents). Saint Thomas More, by Rev. Albert H. Dolan, O.Carm., brings out the importance of moral decisions (Englewood, N. J.: The Carmelite Press. 10 cents). In Prayers for Our Times, by James J. McQuade, S.J., the doctrine of the Mystical Body is made practical, while At Mass with Mary, by John Sexton Kennedy, offers a helpful method for attentive and devout assistance at the Holy Sacrifice (St. Louis, Mo.: The Queen's Work Press. 5 cents each).

International Conciliation for June contains a discussion of one of the most pressing problems of modern times, the "The Restoration of International Trade." Trade treaty need is stressed by the Hon. Cordell Hull, while Peter Molyneaux writes of the influence of our trade policy on world recovery (New York: 405 West 117th Street. 5 cents).

INDEX TO REVIEWERS

B. L. C.: Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., missionary and writer, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City. founder and spiritual director of the Catholic Unity League; author of *Studies in Church History, The Question Box*, etc.

C. A.: Claire (Mrs. Thaddeus G.) Armstrong, artist and critic, Port Washington, N. Y.

C. McC.: Camille McCole, writer and critic, Professor of English, St. John's University, Brooklyn; lecturer at Notre Dame College, Staten Island, and at Hunter College, New York City.

E. VR. W.: Euphemia Van Rensselaer (Mrs. Christopher) Wyatt, playwright, literary and dramatic critic, New York City; author of *Monica*, etc.

J. McS.: Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P., author and translator, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City; author of *Be of Good Heart, A Primer of Prayer*, etc.

M. C. M.: Margaret C. Meagher, writer, teacher, musician, cataloguer of bibliographical works for Art and University Libraries, Richmond, Va.

T. C. P.: Rev. T. C. Petersen, C.S.P., Professor of Scripture, St. Paul's College, Washington, D. C.

T. M.: Theodore Maynard, Ph.D., Litt.D., poet and essayist, Professor of English, Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., and at the Catholic University Summer School; author of *Carven from the Laurel Tree, De Soto and the Conquistadores*, etc.

BOOKS RECEIVED

F. S. Crofts & Co., New York:
Introductory Sociology. By Rev. Raymond W. Murray, C.S.C. $3.00.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
An Outline of Modern Occultism. By Cyril Scott. $2.50. *The Accuracy of the Bible.* By A. S. Yahuda. $3.00. *The Creed of Kinship.* By Henry S. Salt. $1.50.

Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York:
Asylum. By William Seabrook. $2.00. *North to the Orient.* By Anne Morrow Lindbergh. $2.50. *The History of Western Civilization.* By Harry Elmer Barnes, Ph.D. Two vols. $10.00. *Vein of Iron.* By Ellen Glasgow. $2.50.

D. C. Heath & Co., New York:
Race Relations. By Willis D. Weatherford, Ph.D., and Charles S. Johnson, Litt.D. $3.20.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York:
Catholic Faith. Based on the Catholic Catechism as drawn up by His Eminence Peter Cardinal Gasparri. Edited by Rev. Felix M. Kirsch, O.M.Cap., Ph.D., Litt.D., and Sister M. Brendan, I.H.M., M.A. Book One. 25 and 40 cents.

Alfred A. Knopf, New York:
The Ordinary Difficulties of Everyday People. By John Rathbone Oliver. $2.50. *Inspiration Valley.* By Coningsby Dawson. $2.00. *Life With Father.* By Clarence Day. $2.00.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
Christian Art. By C. R. Morey. $1.75. *Church and State in Tudor Ireland.* By Robert Dudley Edwards. $7.50. *Enbury Heath.* By Stella G. Gibbons. $2.00. *Prisoner of the Ogpu.* By George Kitchin. $3.00. *The Wind Blew West.* By Edwin Lanham. $2.50.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
Back to Work. By Harold L. Ickes. $2.50. *Memoirs of Count Apponyi.* $2.50. *The New Deal and Foreign Trade.* By Alonzo E. Taylor. $3.00.

William Morrow & Co., New York:
Albert and the Belgians. By Charles d'Ydewalle. $3.00.

Oxford University Press, New York:
Series Episcoporum Romanæ Ecclesiæ. By R. W. Lee. $1.00. *St. Thomas Aquinas.* By Etienne Gilson. 50 cents. *A Dictionary of Modern American Usage.* By H. W. Horwill. $3.25.

Sheed & Ward, New York:
The Sun, the Moon and a Rabbit. By Amelia Martinez Del Rio. Illustrated by Jean Charlot. $3.00.

Simon & Schuster, New York:
The Story of Civilization. By Will Durant. Vol. I. $5.00.

Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York:
Bold Blades of Donegal. By Seumas MacManus. $2.00.

The Viking Press, New York:
Nip and Tuck. By George M. Dyott. $1.25. *Young Walter Scott.* By Elizabeth Janet Gray. $2.00. *In Calico and Crinoline.* By Eleanor Sickels. $2.50. *Mister Penny.* By Marie Hall Ets. $1.00. *Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles.* By Stefan Zweig. $3.50.

The Disabled American Veterans of the World War, Chicago:
Forward—March! The Photographic Record of America in the World War and the Post-War Upheaval. Sections I. and II. $17.50.

Loyola University Press, Chicago:
An Essay Towards a History of Education. By W. Kane, S.J. $2.40. *Macbeth.* By William Shakespeare. Edited by Anna P. Butler. 44 cents.

The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee:
Thérèse of Konnersreuth. By Friedrich Ritter von Lama. Translated by Albert Paul Schimberg. Book III. $1.50. *Echoes Eternal.* By J. B. Moffatt, S.J. $1.25. *The Bread from Heaven.* By Most Rev. John J. Swint. 35 cents.

University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis:
John Lind of Minnesota. By George M. Stephenson. $4.00.

Burns, Oates & Washbourne, London:
The Pre-Nicene Creed. Papers Read at the Summer School of Catholic Studies, Cambridge, July 28th-August 6th, 1934. Preface by Father C. Lattey, S.J. 7 *s.* 6 *d.*

Jonathan Cape, London:
The Genius of the Vatican. By Robert Sencourt. 10 *s.* 6 *d.*

Cobden-Sanderson, London:
The Price of Peace. The Seventh Richard Cobden Lecture. By H. E. Señor Don Salvador de Madariaga. 1 *s.*

Maison de la Bonne Presse, Paris:
La Continuité pontificale. Conférences prononcées a l'Institut Pie XI. 10 *fr.* *Deux Saints Anglais: John Fisher (1459-1536) et Thomas More (1478-1535).* Par Joseph Delcourt. 3 *fr.*

Malabar Christian Office, Travancore, S. India:
The Unique Christ and the Mystic Gandhi. By P. V. George. R. 2.

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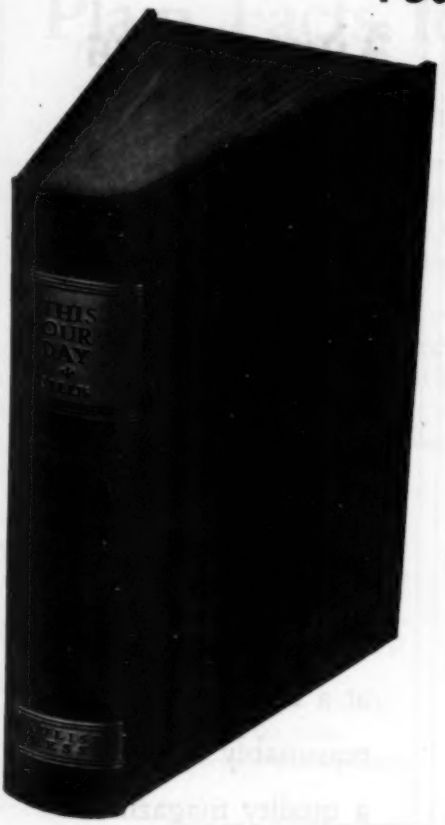

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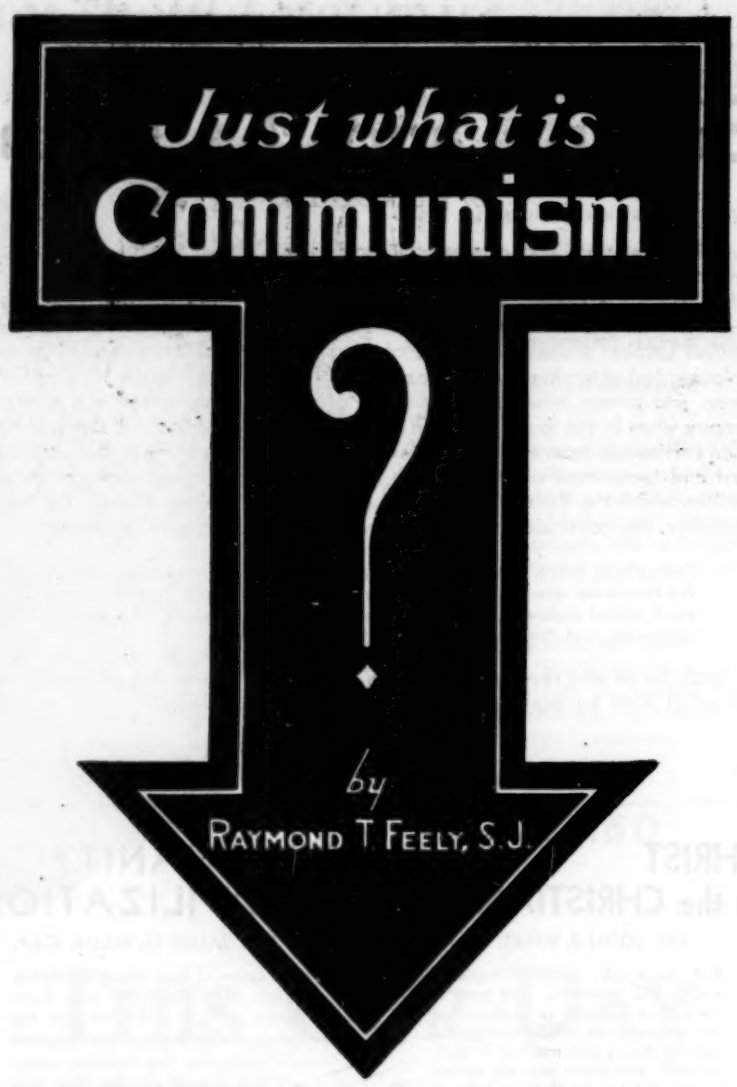

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